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The Crusader

Vol. 52 - No. 6
Friday
March 14, 1975
College
of The Holy Cross
Worcester, Ma.

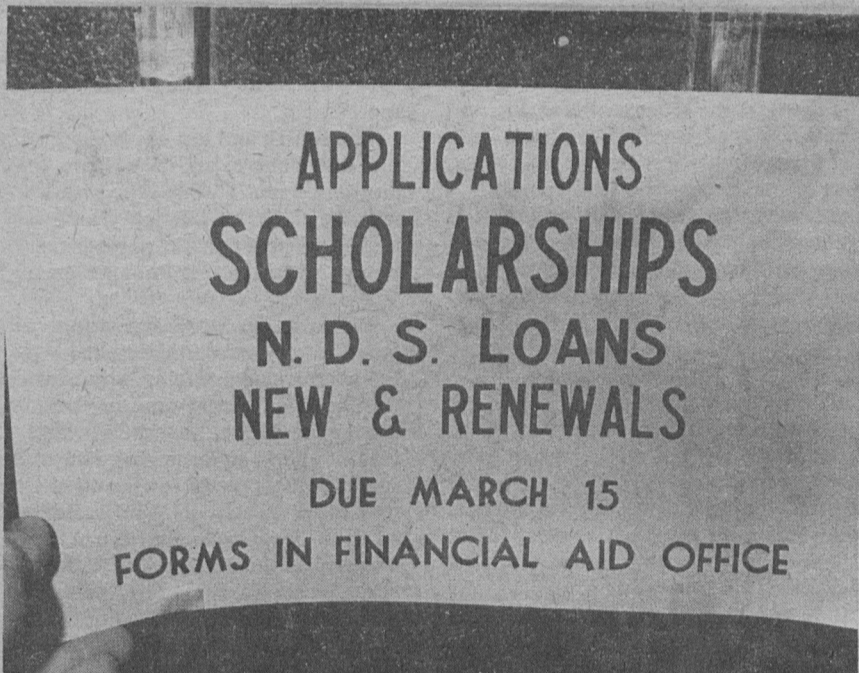


Summer grants for faculty fellows

Four Holy Cross professors have been named recipients of the Charles and Rosanna Batchelor Foundation Grant, which is to be used for summer research on individual faculty projects. The Professional Standards Committee, headed by Rev. John MacDonnell, did the judging and has awarded grants to Rev. Gregory Carlson and Dr. Stephen Kelly of the Classics Department, Dr. Michael Turner of the History Department and Dr. Vincent Forde of the Religious Studies Department.

Each candidate was required to submit a detailed outline of his intended project, as well as recommendations from others who had appraised it. The real value of the grants lie in the fact that they allow faculty members the opportunity to explore an area they are particularly interested in, as well as to research new material they can incorporate into their courses when they return to Holy Cross next semester. For details, see story on page 5.

Student aid tight



With money tight and tuitions rising again this year by a whopping ten percent (as recently announced by Fr. Brooks in a letter to parents), the issue of financial aid is becoming a crucial one for many students. Holy Cross receives funds that it awards to students from two sources -- its own endowments and Federal grants. Both sources are enjoying increases this year, but because of inflation, this represents no added increase in the amount of financial aid that will be available to students. Francis Delaney, who directs the Financial Aid Office promises that the funding situation will remain stable for next year, although this may not be good enough to meet students' needs. For more info see page 5.

Sports Scene

This week the Crusader sports staff reviews the good and the bad of the ECAC New England hoop tourney in Springfield. Terry Cain gives his account of both HC games, and Sports Editor Art Davidson offers his press row view of the affair. Cain also gives his NIT preview, and offers hopes of another Big Apple celebration (look out McAnn's!) Joe Fischer recaps Clark Booth's appearance last Tuesday evening, while fading sports-writer Dan Shaughnessy profiles Worcester's up and coming sportscaster, our beloved Maynard Allen. HC's hardball squad is given an indepth study by staff rookie Mike McNulty.

Inside

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House

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'Alice' Pg. 6

Business and Classics
have their days

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What's the big secret?

In past weeks, the issue of faculty tenure came to the forefront in Faculty-Administration dealings as the academic futures of several Holy Cross professors were decided. To students unfamiliar with the clandestine proceedings that preceded the announcements, the entire tenure process comes off as one big secret negotiation which excludes all outside input. This attitude will be cemented if the rumored proposals of faculty members of the Educational Policies Committee to revamp the tenure process remain hidden from the college community.

Apparently, EPC members are now designing an alternative to the present tenure system, an alternative which will hopefully shift the balance of power from the Administration in favor of faculty influence. Unfortunately, the EPC meetings, which obviously have great meaning for students, have been relegated to the realm of rumor. Few people outside the EPC even know that this issue is now being debated. Despite the fact that students have the most to lose from faculty tenure decisions, they are again being kept in the dark on the tenure issue. It is not surprising then, that students take a dimly cynical view of Administrative dealings. What is even more disturbing is the fact that the two student members of the EPC, students who are elected to that position by the IHC, are included in this secrecy. Student trust in the operations of the College is essential to its functioning.

Secrecy, however, is not limited merely to tenure proposals, which is admittedly a faculty-administration issue: students are even unaware of the student-administration relationship in the choice of a commencement speaker. Why is the senior class still without a commencement speaker? Rumor has it that Fr. Brooks did not even write to the Commencement Committee's first choice. Seniors must only rely on rumor concerning information as to whom their own fellow seniors decided on for first choice.

Isn't all this secrecy a little melodramatic? Speaker preference was never kept in the dark before. It is a secret to almost anyone what may go on in Fr. Brooks' office; it is futile to ask for reform from that end. The saddest part of the situation, and hence most of the blame, lies with those students who have allowed the administration to assume such power in student affairs without so much as a whimper.

In a complete reversal from last year, the Committee issued a call for suggestions from the senior class without informing them that a formal election would not be held thereby receiving a limited reply. Then, once the Committee decided upon a certain order of priority, they refused to let their classmates in on the choice. If it is indeed true that the first-choice speaker was not solicited, the Committee did not seek any support from the senior class. And now, with a little over two months left, the committee is complaining that something on the administrative end is holding up the selection.

Frankly, we doubt that even the Committee knows where this year's problems lie. To an extent, we can sympathize with their current difficulties, but at this late stage, they really can not ask for much student support on the question of a commencement speaker. After all, it was never the seniors' speaker to begin with; perhaps, if it had been a choice strongly supported by a large majority of the senior class, the bureaucratic wheels would have moved a little less slowly.

Cover photos by Dowling, Kirby.

The Crusader

Published weekly at Holy Cross College during the Academic Year

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"It seems highly improbable that Women's Lib will ever get to the point where respectable businessmen will feel compelled to do-in their wives."

Abigail Reardon Review, "Stepford Wives"

The hyphenated priest

counterpoint

Recently a striking young woman - a stranger to me but a junior here at the college - came into my office to borrow a pen. We struck up a conversation and before I knew it, she had asked me several very significant and, what would have to be called rather heavy, questions.

One of the less personal was: "If you are not a Jesuit but only a salaried faculty member like any other, except that you happen to be a priest, and if you live alone in an apartment in the city, and if you drive an animal (my little orange car), then why in the world are you still in the priesthood?"

A good number of students have put this question to me over the years, but usually only after a long and close relationship or at least a couple of drinks. She hit me with it within two or three minutes. Since it is, I believe, a valid question and I may appear to some as an anomaly here at the Cross, I'm writing this letter, in an attempt to give at least a partial response.

I'm going to answer her question in rather a round-about way by citing several experiences I've had.

If you reflect on these, you may discover the answer to the young woman's question without my having to spell it out for you. You might come to learn how at least one hyphenated priest (priest-philosopher-worker) can indeed work and live in two seemingly diverse worlds without internal conflict or any so-called identity crisis. The fact of the matter is that the two, rather than being incompatible, are mutually supportive and complementary, each having a positive influence on the other, each enriching the other. But let's get on to the experiences themselves.

The first was the receipt of a letter from a member of a parish where I have been saying Mass weekly for the last five years. Among other things, the letter said:

"....Please forgive me for not seeking you out in person. My timidity is the result of a life-long attitude that priests are set apart in our society and are not mere mortals like the rest of us. Therefore, since priests are 'other', you just don't go up and speak to them...."

"Last Sunday, when speaking about our Lenten Program, you said something to the effect that you are not really part of Saint Theresa's parish (only hired help...). I have to strongly disagree with you. To those of us who celebrate the 12:00 o'clock Mass with you each week, you are very much a part of us. I for one, wish to express my gratitude and love to you for sharing your love, wisdom and faith with a congregation of strangers...."

"It has been difficult for me to write this note, probably because of the previously mentioned attitude, but it is long overdue. I just wanted you to know how glad we are that you are well again and back among us...."

What philosopher who is not also a priest would receive such a letter?

The second experience occurred during a wedding ceremony on the North Shore. There were four other priests in attendance besides me: the pastor who had reserved to himself the right to perform the actual marriage and the others who were,

like me, friends of the bride and groom or their families.

The young bride approached the altar, knelt at the prie-dieu and fainted. One priest ran into the sacristy. The second went up and sat in the President's (sic) chair; the third who was sitting in the congregation incognito remained sitting. The fourth literally walked around in circles.

I went down and took the girl in my arms. She is an epileptic and when she revived, looked up and saw me, she simply said "Father Tom" and threw her arms around my neck. The wedding went on and a grand mal seizure was perhaps prevented by a priest who is also a worker.

The third experience took place just before I came to Holy Cross. I had taught a year at Merrimack College in North Andover and was job-hunting. The best offer-position and salary-wise was from a university on the West Coast.

I received a number of impressive letters from them, pressuring me to accept their offer, but I was undecided. Finally, the department chairman called and said the one thing that made me decide against going. He said the department had decided that since the school was a secular, State-run university, I would have to dress in a business suit and not be called "Father". (Were they that sure they had made an offer I couldn't refuse?)

As soon as I realized what he had said, I picked up the phone again, this time to call Roderick Chisholm a friend at Brown for advice. He said, laughingly: "They want a priest in disguise. Forget it. Go to Holy Cross. It is a better school anyway."

I took that advice and have never regretted it.

The fourth and last experience occurred just last week at six o'clock on a Sunday morning when I went into a sleazy newsstand to buy the Sunday Globe and also picked up several other papers: the Rolling Stones, Real Paper, Phoenix and Village Voice.

I struck up a conversation with an elderly, well-dressed gentleman (I really think he was wondering why a priest was buying those papers) and in the course of the conversation he asked where I was from. I had to smile, telling him that I had just left the home of my friend in Danvers, was on my way to North Reading for ministry, was originally from Albany, New York, but lived and worked in Worcester. I actually was laughing by this time and moving towards the door, I said: "Sometimes I don't know where I am or who I am." His partings were, "You know exactly who you are."

The hyphenated priest has problems? Who me?

In Christ,
Father Tom Feehan
Philosophy Dept.

Editor's note:

Father mentioned that he purposely used no examples from his class experiences here nor his relationships with the students. He suggested we just go and ask them ... Father would welcome response from students or faculty, personally, or through the Crusader.

Letters

On to Oxford

To The Editor:

Please inform the people of Holy Cross how much I have enjoyed working for them during the past six months. The students were very friendly and cooperated fully in letting me check outgoing parcels at the front door of Dinand. In addition, the people that I worked with and for were equally friendly and helpful.

I should thank each one involved individually, but as I have neither time nor addresses to do so, I feel that the

newspaper can be a great help in extending the deserved thanks.

These past six months will remain among my cherished memories, especially as I made many friends. Any of them are welcome at Oxford (Mass.) Public Library at any time we are open, as long as I'm in charge there.

God bless you all.

Larry C. Sponberg
Former Gate Person &
Oxford Librarian-to-be

Is Christian Encounter – a haunting memory?

Today is the last day to mail in your - Crusader teacher evaluation polls. The response so far has been good, but in order to publish a truly comprehensive report, we need your support. Remember -- you are helping not only us by furnishing an instant story, but you are also helping your fellow students during the hectic pre-registration period. So, mail in your polls, PO 32a, now.

M. C.

Letters

Pat Ruch '77

Mark J. Iannini
Robert J. Kennedy
Glenn E. Knierim, Jr.
Daniel J. Lynch
Timothy R. Mahoney
Carol Ann Marotta
John F. McFadden
Timothy J. McGahan
James G. Moran
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Lawrence Rutkowski
Marc A. Subik
David Valacer
John J. Walsh
Steven R. Welch
Susan Marie Witkie

John M. Dugan

Stephen R. Melli

Businessmen to gather for career counseling

The 1975 Alumni Businessmen's Homecoming, sponsored by the General Alumni Association, will take place on Saturday, April 5, for alumni, alumnae, their guests; and all Holy Cross students interested in a career in business. Paul F. Saint, '40, is chairman.

Registration will be in O'Kane Lounge between 10 and 11 a.m., followed by a brief address by John T. Garrity, '45, managing director of McKinsey and Co., an international management consulting firm. At 12 p.m., everyone will have lunch at the Kimball dining hall.

At 1:30 p.m., all participants will gather in Hogan Campus Center for the afternoon's seminars, under the direction of Dr. Paul A. Vatter, '45, professor of management at the Harvard Business School.

There will be five seminars. Three are specifically designed for students interested in a business career and will be run at different times so that a student can attend all three. The two other seminars are designed primarily for alumni.

The first of the three business-career seminars for students will discuss the importance of an M.B.A. degree in pursuing a business career. The panel will be chaired by Dr. Vatter, with assistance from Ron C. Teixeira, '69, who received his M.B.A. from the Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth and who now is associated with the Norton Company, Worcester, and from James Hamilton, '74, a graduate student in the M.B.A. program at Babson College, Wellesley.

The second seminar will focus on the technique of writing a resume and conducting an effective interview. This panel will be chaired by William F. McCall, '55, partner in the real estate firm of Leggatt, McCall & Werner, Inc., with assistance from Mike Butler, '71, who is now with the Chase Manhattan Bank, and from a third alumnus to be named later.

The third seminar will discuss the advantage of being in one's own business, with emphasis on how to raise capital for a private business. Michael A. Heffernan, '53, who is president and owner of Knoll

Construction, Needham, will chair this panel.

Seminars, seminars, and more seminars...

The alumni-oriented seminars will take place at the same time as the three business-career seminars. One of these seminars will discuss tax savings and tax shelters, with particular emphasis on the concept of Employee Stock Ownership Trust and on the many tax advantages of the ERISA (the 1974 Pension Reform Act.)

The other seminar will consist of short dramatizations and a discussion conducted by two members of the Holy Cross faculty: the Rev. Robert Burke, S.J., of the English Department, and Dr. Kenneth Happe of the Classics Department, with student assistance. Their subject will be the plight of the businessman in plays.

At about 3:15 p.m., all participants will enjoy a coffee break, followed by a seminar entitled "Opportunities in the Eighties." This seminar, which will be chaired by Dr. Vatter, will discuss some of the new techniques used in business, such as the use of computers as decision makers and the use of closed circuit TV. John A. Reardon, '40, who has spent most of the past 30 years working overseas for Exxon International, will then discuss the advantages of a career in international business, and Harry W. Healey, '56, president of the Lincoln Trust, Hingham, will discuss finance in the Eighties.

Career opportunities for women will also be part of this seminar. Paula Scribner, who owns a Powers Modeling franchise in Worcester and already employs some Holy Cross women, will lead the discussion.

At 5:15 p.m., all participants will adjourn for a social hour, where coffee, cakes and cocktails will be served. At 6:00 p.m., everyone will be invited to a banquet in the Hogan Ballroom. The keynote speaker will be Roger T. Kelley, '41, vice-president of the Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Ill.

The price for the entire day (two meals, the five seminars, the social hour) will be \$13 per alumnus, or alumna and \$9 per guest. Students are invited to attend the seminars free of charge and, if they wish to attend the banquet, will pay a reduced price of \$4.

Novak and Kubler-Ross on Christianity and death

by Rosemary Schillaci

The Cross and Scroll Society will sponsor two speakers next week: Elizabeth Kubler-Ross, the author of "Death and Dying" and Michael Novak, a former draft-resistance activist. Kubler-Ross will speak on Tuesday March 18 at 8 p.m. in the Hogan ballroom. Her topic will be "The Art of Dying", in which she will examine reactions and attitudes, both past and present, towards death.

The talk will also include a discussion of the stages of dying that one experiences once he knows he is dying; the importance of a proper environment for the terminally ill, and the need for communication between one who is dying and those around him.

"She is one of the best, if not the best lecturer we've gotten all year", said Patrick Malgieri, head of the Cross and Scroll. "She's amazing. We're very lucky to get her because she prefers to speak to professional medical groups rather than to students."

Malgieri also stated that the number of students attending the lecture would be high because "all over the country, courses on death have become very popular. There is definitely an interest on campus. The reaction of those who know she's coming is fabulous."

Kubler-Ross was born in Switzerland and graduated from the University of Zurich, which is a medical school. She received a fellowship in psychiatry from the University of Colorado and later became an instructor of psychiatry at the Colorado School of Medicine. She is now Medical Director of Mental Health and Family Services of South Cook County, Chicago, and is also a teacher and consultant at the Lutheran School of Theology in Chicago.

In Praise of Cynicism

On Wednesday March 19, the Cross and Scroll will sponsor Michael Novak, who

will give a talk entitled "In Praise of Cynicism, or When the Saints Go Marching Out".

Novak is the author of a number of books including: "Belief and Unbelief", "The Experience Of Nothingness", "The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics", and "Choosing Our King". He was active in the resistance against the draft and against the Vietnam War. He visited deserters in Paris and Stockholm. Novak also worked in the 1972 Democratic campaign.

Malgieri stated that "now there is a contrast between Novak and liberals; a lot of them feel that he's pulling back from his previous stand. Anybody who was following the whole political and social conflict from the sixties will find it interesting how Novak is now accused of getting conservative by some of those who once followed him. After all he's gone through, to see where he stands now should be very interesting."

Novak is associate editor of *The Christian Century*, *Christianity and Crisis*, and *The Journal of Ecumenical Studies*. He also contributes to several scholarly journals including: *Commentary*, *Harper's*, and *The New Republic*.

impressionable youth

Potential Classicists view college program

by Dave Harrison

The Hogan Campus Center Ballroom will be the site of Classics Day, Saturday, March 15, between 10:00 AM and 3:30 PM. The program has been organized by Nancy Parkes, co-coordinator, and Maureen Dillon, assistant co-ordinator, as a service of Phrontisterion, the Holy Cross Classics Club. All planning for the program was carried out by students.

During recent weeks, letters were sent out by Parkes to all high schools within a one hundred mile radius of Holy Cross. These schools numbered over four hundred, fifty of which indicated interest in the project. Although the exact number of students participating in Classics Day has yet to be determined, between two hundred and two hundred and fifty are expected to be present.

The purpose of Classics Day, as explained by Parkes, is to "increase the interest in classics at the high school level and to encourage more students to take classics as a college major." Another aim of the project, according to Fr. William Fitzgerald, is to "establish a liaison between Holy Cross and the surrounding high schools. Also we hope that exposure to our campus will interest good students in attending Holy Cross, although recruiting is not of primary importance to us."

At 10:00 am, after a short introduction by Parkes, Dr. Ken Happe will speak on the physical growth of the ancient theatre. "Tracing the development from the time of Aeschylus to the time of Plautus." Later in the afternoon, he will speak on the difference between ancient Plautine plays and the modern stage version of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, a Plautine spoof. Happe will then contrast the stage version with the film treatment, which is also scheduled during the day.

The Voyage of Aeneas

At 10:45 AM, Fr. William Fitzgerald of the Classics Department will lecture on the subject of "The Voyage of Aeneas." Fr. Fitzgerald will use slides to explain the geographical background used by Vergil in the *Aeneid*. At the end of this lecture, the high school students will eat lunch in the Hogan Cafeteria. They will also have the opportunity to tour the Holy Cross campus. Also during this break from the program, there will be a panel discussion between Holy Cross Classics majors, high school teachers, and any high school students wishing to take part. The subject of the discussion will be high school education in the Classics.



Nancy Parkes is coordinating Classics Day, with the aid of Fr. William Fitzgerald of the department. (Salcedo photo)

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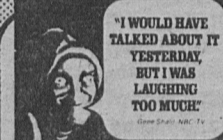
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"Lenny"

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United Artists

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PG
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Summer research grants to faculty members

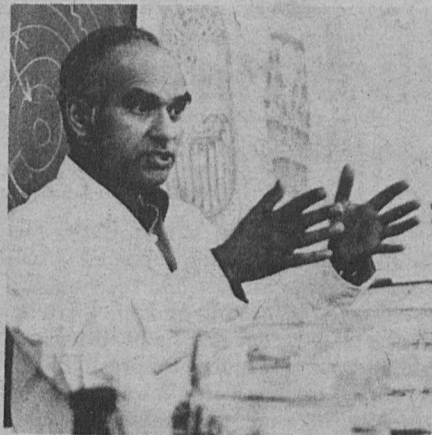
by Bill Furlong

Dr. Lingappa granted funds for methane gas project

The National Science Foundation has announced that Dr. B.T. Lingappa of the Biology Department at Holy Cross has received a grant of \$44,720.00 for use over a three year period in the study of methane gas generation from solid waste. The grant is to be administered through the Special Studies Office during the summer and throughout the academic year.

The grant will be used in a Tri-College group study on the generation of methane gas. According to Lingappa, it will serve "to improve and increase communication among the colleges" (Clark University, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and Holy Cross).

The Tri-College study group invites



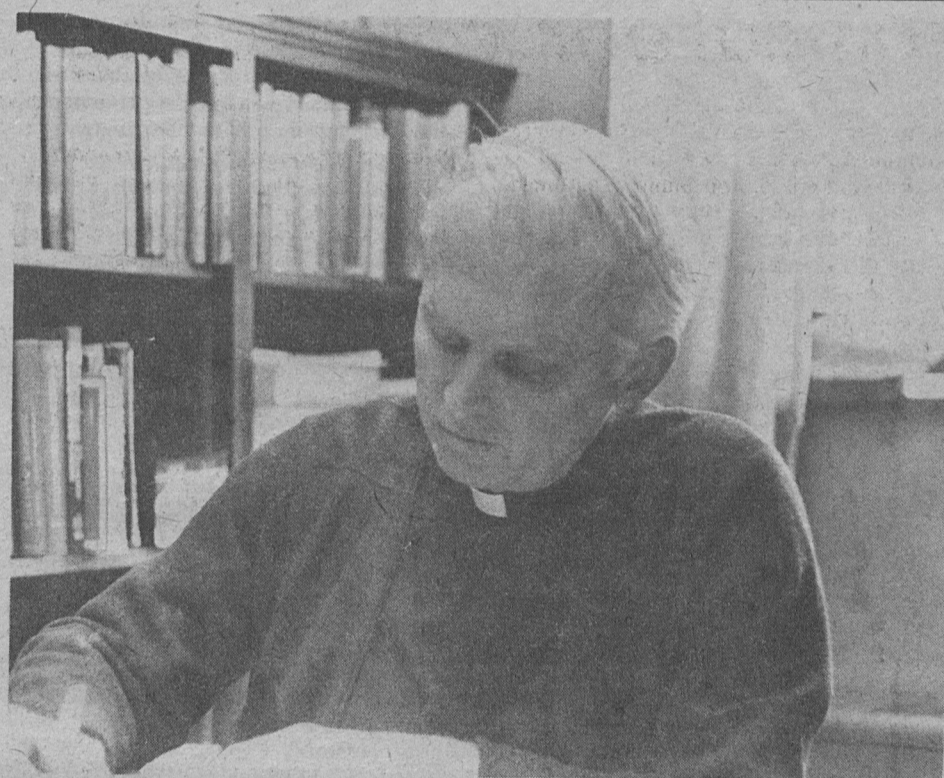
B.T. Lingappa in the Biology Department who recently received a grant to further his study of methane gas generation. (Johnsen photo)

applications from current Junior or Sophomore science-oriented undergraduates for participation in the N.S.F.-Undergraduate Research Project during the summer of 1975. In all, twelve students will be selected from among applicants from the three schools to work full time for twelve weeks on problems related to production of methane gas from micro-biological fermentation of solid waste. Students accepted into the program will receive a stipend of \$960.00 each, and will be expected to register for a two semester course in Interdisciplinary Research which is related to the Summer Project. The completed application deadline is April 3, 1975.

The four sub-areas of research, and the teachers directing these areas are: Resource Management (Dr. M. McClintock - Clark Univ.), Bio-Engineering (Dr. J.T. Kohler - W.P.I.), Diagnostic Microbiology (Dr. Y. Lingappa - Worcester State), and Chemical Microbiology (Dr. B.T. Lingappa - Holy Cross).

The overall supervision and coordination of the project will be done by Dr. Lingappa of Holy Cross.

According to the Special Studies Office, the goal of the project is to provide science oriented undergraduates with learning opportunities over and beyond those normally available in most formal programs. In addition, it will allow students the opportunity to demonstrate considerable independence and to assume responsibility in planning and accomplishment of the NSF approved proposal.



Fr. John MacDonnell, who chaired the Professional Standards Committee that determined the summer grant awards to faculty members. (Kirby photo)

College awards grants for faculty members' research

The recipients of Summer Grants for 1975 have been announced by Fr. John MacDonnell, head of the Professional Standards Committee. They are Fr. Gregory Carlson (Classics), Dr. Stephen Kelly (Classics), Dr. Michael Turner (History), and Dr. Vincent Forde (Religious Studies).

The grants, officially known as the Charles and Rosanna Batchelor (Ford) Foundation Grant, amount to \$2,000 per teacher for use in the summer recipient's work on an intended project and may include up to \$500 in traveling expenses. Four of the eight applicants received the awards after submitting outlines of their projects.

The decision is based on this outline, as well as a written appraisal of the project by Department Chairmen, a reference from an expert in the field, and usually some earlier work which indicates proficiency in their particular area.

The Professional Standards Committee is comprised of four faculty members other than MacDonnell. They are: Dr. James Powers, Dr. Gerard Lavery, Dr. Rudolph Zlody and Dr. Robert McNeerney. The Committee looks over the submitted material, and make their recommendations to the Dean, who then takes them to the President for final approval.

Fr. Gregory Carlson of the Classics Department plans to use his grant to study Vergil's use of simile in the *Aeneid*. Carlson completed the major part of this work as part of a doctoral thesis at the University of Heidelberg; the thesis was published in German. He plans to work mainly on an English translation of this work during the summer, and it will be submitted for publication in the fall.

Carlson hopes to show through a detailed study of each of the first eight instances of similes in the *Aeneid*, that far from being pallid imitations of Homer, Vergil's similes evidence a profound exploration of personal emotion. Carlson

explained that his work will fit in well with his seminar next year in which Vergil's *Aeneid* will be studied in English first semester, then in Latin in the second semester.

Dr. Stephen Kelly, also of the Classic Department, will be working this summer on the meter of Homer, and what can be learned about the Greek epic through the study of metrics. With the summer grant, he will pursue his theory that the speeches in the *Iliad* are more archaic in the whole tradition than the narrative. Although this is opposite to what one might expect, Kelly has concluded that the speeches were versified earlier, while the narrative part of the *Iliad* existed at the same time, but was not versified until later.

Dr. Michael Turner of the History Department plans to use his summer grant to study the return of Brazilian slaves to the English-speaking West African nation of Ghana in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. This research will be contrasted with Turner's doctoral dissertation on the return of slaves from Brazil to the French-speaking West African nations of Dahomey and Togo. In that work he found that slaves returning to Dahomey and Togo became a part of the professional elite (doctors, lawyers, teachers) of society.

Turner will be looking for parallels and contrasts to this occurrence in his work this summer. He will use interviews and study oral tradition in finding out the role of returning slaves in the creation of modern Ghana.

The summer grant received by Dr. Vincent Forde of the Religious Studies Department will be used to support work on one or more chapters of a book he is writing entitled *Meeting the Human Demand*. The book basically describes ethical methodology and its application in decision-making. The work this summer will be on one or more chapters centering on Bio-Medical ethics. Forde will be doing most of his research at the Hastings Center for Bio-Ethics in New York.

Increased tuition costs affect students on aid

by Bill Hoffmann

The tuition at Holy Cross, recently announced in a letter to parents by Rev. John E. Brooks, President of the College, is expected to increase next year by about ten per cent, and when combined with the present rate of inflation, this figure will increase even more.

Students receiving financial aid are among those who will encounter difficulties in meeting the increased cost of attending the College. Financial aid comes from two sources: Holy Cross endowments and Federal resources. Although both sources have increased their disbursements this year, they will do little more than offset the higher costs because of the soaring inflation rate. This means, in effect, that in most cases families will be forced to contribute even more for their children's expenses. "Many families will be either unwilling or unable to do that," commented Francis H. Delaney, Jr., Director of Financial Aid.

The Federal government provides the funding for the work-study program at Holy Cross. The government has allotted 120 million dollars nationwide for this program. Massachusetts will receive a certain percentage of that money (based on population) and then Holy Cross is given a proportionate amount of the state's sum. In addition, this money may be supplemented by Congress over the summer. The work-study program is therefore expected to remain stable.

Washington has increased funding for the Federal Student Loan program by fourteen per cent. Delaney sees this as a positive action. The increase allows the College to continue its commitments to present students, while allowing them to make new ones to incoming freshmen.

Many students pay for their education with money from the Basic Grants (BOG) program. This year, no sophomore or junior will be considered for financial aid unless he or she has filed an application with BOG. This program has been increased to \$500,000,000 (from \$300,000,000), and the formula used to determine eligibility has been relaxed. Therefore many students who have been ineligible previously (for example, students who received social security) can now receive a grant for next year. Delaney urged that applications be filed as soon as possible.

State scholarships are expected to

remain on their present levels, with the possible exception of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. There is presently a movement in these two legislatures to limit scholarships to those students attending schools within the state. This has not yet been resolved. Students who may be affected are advised to keep in close contact with the situation.

All in all, the situation is not expected to change drastically next year. Money, however, will be tight. Students are advised to save as much as possible over the summer. Said Delaney, "We will be as equitable as possible, but we can only give what we have. Everybody is expected to remain on the same relative base." The College hopes that this will cause as little attrition as possible.



Francis Delaney, Director of Financial Aid, discussing the availability of funds for student aid for the coming year. (Kirby photo)

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Stepford Wives is a tale of a bizarre situation



Katherine Ross in 'Stepford Wives'.

barrel to the quaint community of Stepford. Upon arriving in this epitome of middle class suburbia, Joanna realizes that the women of the town are also stereotypes of the perfect wife and mother image she herself rebels against.

She and one other compatriot, Bobby, also a newcomer to Stepford, begin a miniature war against the forces of evil, in this case their own husbands, incorporated into the dominating organization of the town, the infamous Men's Association.

They soon realize, however, that they are alone in the struggle and that the other wives are more concerned with shiny-waxed floors and fresh-perked coffee than with Women's Lib and burning bras.

This in itself is cause for suspicion, but when the president of the Men's Association, an ex-executive for Disneyland, starts taping her voice and drawing her picture, Joanne becomes panicky and decides that it is high time she and the children quit Stepford. Bobby has, by this time, come to a similar conclusion and is at the point of moving when she and her husband go on a "second honeymoon". She returns, obviously enough, as the typical hausfrau, and her usually slummy kitchen is Pine-Sol clean and shiny.

The same fate is inevitably in store for Joanna and there remains only for her to attempt escape and ultimately fail. The final scene closes in the supermarket where all the Stepford wives are calmly going about their weekly shopping, just like on T.V.

Disappointing screenplay

Now, when Ira Levin's novel was first published, the most anyone thought of it was that it would make a good, scary movie. Well, obviously the potential was there, but this screenplay by William

Goldman seems to have fallen short of everyone's expectations. Primarily, it centers much too much on the new ideal of the Liberated Woman. Katherine Ross comes off more like a college student than as a mother of two school-age children and her attempts at acting "cool" and "hip" can be classified only as futile. She comes across as totally fake and unrealistic.

It seems to me that the initial idea of this story was to place a real-live believable woman into a bizarre and frightening situation; instead, this version could be taken by all confirmed male chauvinists as a radical female being put in her place. You may have come a long way, baby, but even I must admit that I hope you haven't come that far.

Secondly, the suspense that should build up with each suspicious incident is interrupted by comical scenes, such as the "heavy rap" that Joanna and Bobby attempt to instigate, which turns into a typical commercial for Easy-On Speed

Starch. True, some of the situations as so ridiculous that one cannot help laughing, but personally I think that the story should have centered on suspense.

On actress deserves special credit for playing her role to perfection, however, and that is Paula Prentis. She is marvelously tactless and blunt with a fine sense of comic timing evidenced by her great statement which could be used to summarize the entire Women's Liberation Movement. She states emphatically, "You see, my dear, given complete freedom of choice I would rather not squeeze the Charmin."

Now, at least to me, it seems highly improbable that Women's Lib will ever get to the point where respectable businessmen will feel compelled to do-in their wives just to keep them in line. I mean, any reasonable person, even a male, can understand certain aspects of the Women's Rights movement, can't they?

Abigail Reardon

'Alice Doesn't Live Here': a woman out on her own

Directed by Marin Scorsese. Written by Robert Getchell, Art Director, Toby Rafelson, Editor, Marcia Lucas.

Alice Ellen Burstyn
Tommy Alfred Lutter
Dave Kris Kristofferson
Flo Diane Ladd

The problem with (and strength of) *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, is its modesty as a "woman's" picture. It is hard to conceive of any other movie which might qualify for being as modest. Although women are found in the starring and supporting roles, as well as being producer, associate producer, editor and art director, there is no attempt to force the issue. The movie does not strive for the greatness of women, only the goodness of women as people.

The idea is to simply present the realistic struggle of a woman, a thirty-five year-old mother named Alice (Ellen Burstyn), who is suddenly given a second chance to become a singer after her husband dies in an accident. Her attempt to utilize her past talent, live with male companionship and find a home for her eleven year-old son Tommy (Alfred Lutter) makes up the motivation for her journey to Monterey. In a town on the way, she starts singing in a bar, only to find herself attracting the wrong kind of man. She goes to Tuscon, where while waitressing, she becomes interested in Dave (Kris Kristofferson), and this eventually leads to a memorable fight scene in a cafe. In the end, she faces the uncertain future with singing, Dave, and Tommy, knowing she can always change if necessary.

Sensibly, the movie does not argue that independence from marriage is an easy answer for a woman seeking to fulfill her potential; instead it modestly proposes that she be accepted equally as a human being, with ambitions and emotions, whether she is a married housewife, a singer in a bar, a mistress or a waitress.

What is interesting about the movie with Martin Scorsese as director is the invisible

tension between his male-oriented view (as found in his Sicilian background and in his first movie, *Mean Streets*) and the woman-oriented story. It turns out he is the perfect choice as director because he provides the rough earthiness needed to prevent the picture from melting softly into sentiment for the suffering soul. Scorsese's films seem to be shot off-the-cuff in a casual style. His camera refuses to settle down; it swirls and wanders about restlessly in an almost indecisive manner. The frame composition is elementary and unstrained, further adding to the feel of a home movie. This lively framework nicely complements the constantly improvised but unflaunted acting by the cast. Two performances are especially outstanding, that of Ellen Burstyn and Diane Ladd, both of whom received Oscar nominations (for those who still care).

Highest Compliment

Although the movie is obviously a vehicle to get Ellen Burstyn an award, she deserves it. She was great in *The Last Picture Show* and the *Exorcist*, but her excellence was overshadowed by other characters in the former and rampant sensationalism in the latter. As Alice, Ellen Burstyn does not show off her acting ability or abuse the role; she merely portrays the struggling mother as realistically as possible. In comparison to Gene Rowlands in *A Woman Under the Influence*, Ellen Burstyn as Alice is almost ordinary in how believable she is -- which is the highest compliment possible. The relationship between her and Tommy is like, well like a mother and son.

If there is any guiding light being offered to women, it is the tough waitress, Flo (brilliantly played by Diane Ladd), who has learned to handle any problem and customer from experience. She knows that life and men can be hell but wisely does not let it get her down. She has that attractive strength which offers a sole explanation why ships -- built for endurance -- are named in the female gender.

One of the great aspects of the movie which might go unnoticed is the outstanding script by Robert Getchell. The dialogue is so real, so unpretentious that we dismiss it as ordinary, like Alice. Most dialogue found in movies is pragmatically contrived, with lines choreographed for jokes (Note *Young Frankenstein*), profundity (Note *Scenes from a Marriage*), or plot advancement (Note *Phantom of Paradise*). The secret of good writing is to achieve these ends without appearing artificial. Alice's dialogue is not only natural, but it is accurate in relation to the characters and their relationships. When Tommy acts smart to Alice, she replies, "Don't be crude to your mother; she just bought you a cheeseburger." When the uncertain future still faces them in the end, Alice hugs Tommy close; he responds in a muffled voice, "Mom, I can't breathe." How true.

Aside from a few unnecessary references to 1940's movies at the beginning, the movie remains completely authentic to its modest spirit. Humbleness is charming, although it is not known to be part of genius.

David Gudaitis

Kind Sir is a mediocre play

Foothill's flat rendition of Norman Krasna's *"Kind Sir"* succumbs to a stale script. The plot concerns the love-life of a beautiful, wealthy, and famous actress named Jane Kimball who has one very serious problem -- she isn't married. Jane, getting older and not better, has the I-want-a-man-immediately blues. Added to Jane's demise is her incessantly prattling married sister, Margaret Munson. Although Margaret's intentions are thoughtful, her familiar lines, "Get moving, sister, there's not much time," do nothing for Jane's sagging spirits. She is a damsel in distress and needs a chivalrous knight to save her from despair. While Jane is in the depths of her woe, Philip Clair enters on cue. He is rich, good looking, and, most importantly, he is single. The scheming sisters claim their aim and the game has begun.

Jennifer Lee, in the role of Jane Kimball, has her moments. Lee is at her mediocre best when acting within her role whether she is dramatically sultry, playfully imitating a Bermuda operator, or bursting girlishly into tears. Lee is at her lackluster worst when she straightforwardly portrays Jane Kimball. During *"Kind Sir"*, it is cited that the word "charming" is not a strong compliment in the theatre. In that case, Lee is charming.

The part of Jane's sister is played by Charlotte Volage. She is deplorable. Her monotonous line deliveries and her empty facial expressions leave her undistinguished on the stage. She is swallowed by the deep chairs she plops on and is one of *Kind Sir*'s chief clogs.

Right on for alliteration!

Kicker James portrays Philip Clair. With his forced fury, starchy smile and his stiff stare, James' characterization is sometimes too intense. At other points, James does not concentrate enough. When he hears a ripple of audience laughter, he breaks character and almost laughs along. James never strips Clair's plastered mask. The audience only sees a shallow character, and has no hint of any true, sincere, man beneath the plastic coating.

The minor roles receive top treatment by the performers. Their tonic touch saves the evening. Terence Finan gives a fine portrayal of Alfred Munson, Jane's Brother-in-law. His comical comments induce roaring laughter and even his straight lines provoke amused smirks. Lois Daley perfectly plays the part of Ann Miller, the typical Patsy Kelly maid, and

the role of her husband, Carl Miller, is aptly played by Michael Garneau. If *"Kind Sir"*'s major characters were as excellent as Finan, Dailey, and Garneau, the show would be a hit.

"Kind Sir" attempts at an elegant set produce a gaudy, cluttered, and unattractive effort. The three chandeliers suspended from the pipes, the putrid pink walls, the cherubs and the artificial plants in the alcove, and the rust velvet furniture fabric fail to result in the desired product -- a wealthy woman's apartment.

The fifties style clothing is right for the show, but the affluent Jane Kimball could afford more expensive shoes than her \$1.00 A & P brand. She could also afford another gown; no wealthy American woman wears the same dress on consecutive nights.

"Kind Sir"'s flaws reflect Paul Mayberry's first directing attempt at Foothills. The show's main drawback is the play itself. It is based on the foolish childish games that adults play. *Kind Sir* is only a comic soap opera disguised as a sophisticated comedy.

Kind Sir is playing at Foothills Theatre through March 16. Tickets are \$2.50 with a student I.D. For further information, call 754-4018.

Gemma Kallaugher

'Little Mary' cast is chosen

The producers for ACT, the new campus theatre group, finished casting the Spring musical, *Little Mary Sunshine*, this week. Gemma Kallaugher, one of the co-founders, described the tryouts. "We held about ten hours of auditions for the over forty students who showed up. Everyone had to sing and read a scene or two from the show."

Mike DiBiasie, co-producer, said, "We were pleasantly surprised to hear the strong singing voices of many of those who tried out, especially the women, which made the casting of the nine female roles very difficult."

"We finally decided on the following," Kallaugher revealed, "Mary Cahoon has the title role of Little Mary while her maid, Nancy Twinkle, will be played by Mary McNally. Jean Regan will be Madame Ernestine von Liebedich, a visiting Wagnerian opera star. The six young ladies from Eastchester Finishing School will be Jean Tedaldi, Pat Ruch, Christine Murphy,

Anne Brady, Maria Judge and Kathy Introcaso."

The six Forest Rangers opposite the young ladies will be Broderick Johnson, Rob Latousek, John Silva, Larry Beckerle, Mike Gallagher and Bill Daniels.

Matt McQuail will play Captain "Big Jim" Warrington, head of the Forest Rangers. Tom Woods will be Corporal Billy Jester, and Jeff Higgs will play Oscar Fairfax, future U.S. Ambassador to France and full-time ladies man.

The show's three Indians will be played by Jim Laverick, Victor Kruczynski and Sylvester Salcedo.

Ken Happe, the director, said "We've been lucky to acquire the help of Micky Rochette as our choreographer. Micky has had extensive dance experience and she will be assisted by a Holy Cross student, Ellen Murray."

Rehearsals will begin next week for the April 24th opening.

MUSIC IN REVIEW

Blue Sky ★ Night Thunder

Michael Murphey
Epic KE 33290

In his second Epic album, **Blue Sky-Night Thunder**, Michael Murphey displays his ability to freely adapt his music to suit his evolving outlook and lifestyle. Gone is the harshness of the protest songs (remember "Geronimo's Cadelac"?), and the religious overtones of the country tunes, as Murphey has passed through a turbulent part of his life, and entered into a more serene, mellow existence.

Murphey's move from the confines of Los Angeles is reflected in the prevailing mood of the new album. The majority of the lyrics are simply about living out in the wilds, and even when Murphey chooses other topics, his disdain for city life is more than obvious:

Business in New York City,
High in a cold hotel,
Wondering if there's a heaven,
We've already been sent to Hell.

Right from the opening of the album, the remarkable freshness is overwhelming, and a feeling of spontaneity belies the tightness of the musicians present. Murphey's twelve-string guitar dominates the overall sound, but the real musical star is keyboard whiz Jac Murphy. Michael once handled his own keyboards, but his choice of Jac on this album cannot be disputed. His piano work is responsible for the fluid movement of "Carolina in the Pines", as well as the bright, rising tempo of "Blue Sky Riding Song".

Credit must also go out to Murphey's producer, Bob Johnston. Johnston worked for years with Bob Dylan, and was largely responsible for the full, rich sound which dominated Dylan's middle-period

recordings. On **Blue Sky-Night Thunder** Johnston has taken full advantage of both his musicians and his studio engineer. The incorporation of John McEuen's delicate banjo on "Wild Bird", and the excellent sax solo by Tom Scott on "Secret Mountain Hideout" greatly enhanced the overall sound of both of these songs.

But, lest we forget whose album this is, a word or two is definitely in order about Michael Murphey the songwriter. Over the last few years, Murphey's songs have been recorded by everyone from Roger Miller to the Monkees, and have become well known for their simple but infectious melodies.

The songs on **Blue Sky-Night Thunder** are perhaps Michael's finest ever. The melodies are as strong as ever, and the lyrics, trite as they may be, never become nearly as innocuous as those of thematically similar John Denver. Seldom do the words get in the way of the music. In fact, the album's finest song, the soaring "Night Thunder", has very few lyrics to begin with.

Murphey broaches serious topics in two songs, with success, however, in only one. "Goodbye Old Desert Rat", which is supposed to be the album's central song, can best be described as "corny". It is dedicated to two old men who "toughed it out" living in the desert, and who probably flinch every time they hear this song. "Rings of Life", on the other hand, is an excellent, haunting view of human life cycles, successfully incorporating a simple nursery rhyme, and closing out the album on a positive note.

All in all, **Blue Sky-Night Thunder** is an enjoyable album from a very talented

young songwriter. Considering some of the garbage that AM radio is currently peddling as "country music", Murphey's tunes probably won't get much airplay. With a

little luck, however, he could crack the FM market, and get some of the success which he most definitely deserves.

J.J. McCaffery

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Buchanan to be forgotten

Last weekend began with a Friday night excursion into the depths of the Orpheum in Boston to review the Roy Buchanan, John Entwistle concert. Up to a point everything went fine. The hitch into Boston was remarkably easy -- an hour and a half definitely preferable to a previous low point of four and a half hours.

Even once we arrived in Boston everything still went smoothly. The old drunks were ignoring us and picking on the young girls and old women to pour out their problems.

Anyway, it was mutually agreed that something had to go wrong. It did. Roy Buchanan did not show. He called in to say he'd broken a guitar string or a leg -- actually he broke his contract.

Replacing Roy Buchanan was a local group from Duxbury inappropriately named "The Steamers". This group was a real sleeper. In fact I slept through the whole act. They were doing a poor imitation of J. Geils, with the lead singer alternating between congas and harmonica before I started sawing wood.

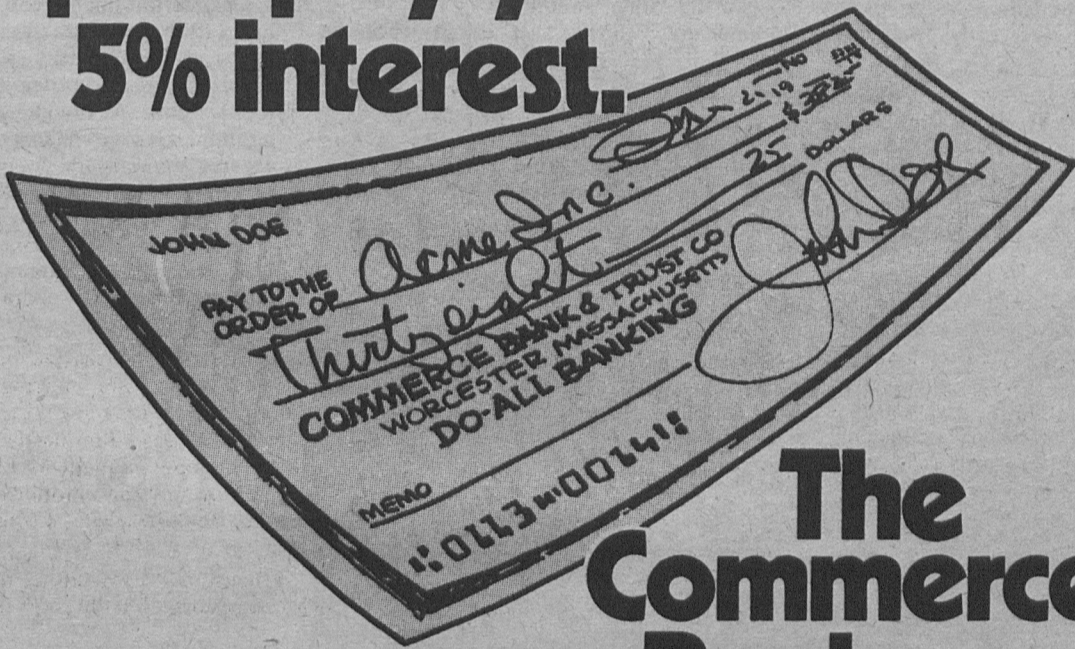
I awoke amidst yells and shouts. The ballyhoo, it turned out, was for John Entwistle (erstwhile bass player for the Who) and his new band "Ox".

They at least appeared interested in playing, and the audience seemed interested in hearing them play, so with heightened interest I listened to their opening rendition of an old Who tune, "My Wife". What occurred was a most amazing parody of "The Who" -- National Lampoon couldn't have done it better. To begin with, the lead guitarist was a cardboard cut-out Townshend who struck all the right poses but not the right notes. The drummer seated himself behind a drum set that resembled the Great Wall of China. They looked like they must have been a present from Keith Moon, but he insisted on monotonously pounding on the snare and cymbal. The sax player and piano player were lost in the sound system shuffle which virtually turned every song into a monstrous cacophony of sound.

Perhaps if the sound had been better, John Entwistle would have sounded better (I doubt it though). Perhaps if Roy Buchanan had showed up it would have been a better concert, and undoubtedly, if we had stayed here it would have been a better time, a better review, and a better way to spend money.

Douglas Fraser

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HC creams Providence; BC puts lid on offense

Crusader Sports

By Terry Cain
Assistant Sports Editor

One more time you must hear it. You read the *Globe*, the *Telegram*, and I suppose even *Today* carried it. Many of you were there. But one more time you must endure the pain: Boston College 69, Holy Cross 55.

Since last Saturday afternoon countless theories have been forwarded as to why the Saders dropped the big one: too much press, too much substitution, lousy refs, etc., etc. Well, I must advance one more that kind of cancels all the others -- we got blown off the court. It happens to the best of us, a bad game at the wrong time while the opponents are playing well, and it happened last Saturday at the Springfield Civic Center.

Late in the first half the Cross launched a rally that produced a 26-20 HC lead, and there were visions in the loud Purple section of the Civic Center of a repeat of the wipeout of Providence in the semi-finals.

Thursday's 62-55 victory over the Friars was keyed by a 10-0 HC streak at the end of the first half and a spurt of something like 26-8 at the start of the second.

Sader Luck Falters

But no such luck against Carrington, Collins, and Co., who turned the tables on the guys in the white hats. As a matter of fact they did the same thing to us that we did to Providence: left us in their wake.

After HC pulled out 26-20, BC ran off an 11-2 streak that sent the Cross into the locker room with a 31-28 deficit.

The Crusaders started pathetically in the second half, committing scads of turnovers, many on bad passes, a problem which had not previously afflicted HC to any great extent. The notorious Purple Press, as well, proved a bit faulty, resulting in some easy lay-ups for Mel Weldon and his cohorts.

Despite the mammoth game-long effort of sixth man Bill Doran (16 points), who cannot be given enough credit for his toil, the Cross could never really chop down

BC's lead. The taller (despite the not-so-glaring absence of 6-11 center Paul Berwanger) Eagle squad played extremely efficient basketball, led by Bill Collins' 21 points and 17 caroms. The ever-consistent Bob Carrington canned 17, and these men were co-receivers of the tourney's MVP award.

Any hopes of an HC comeback in the second half were dissipated by a procession of Eagles to the free throw line, where they converted 27 charity tosses to a paltry 5 freebies for HC.

Vicens Stymied

Mike Vicens, HC's flashy frosh, was held in check for the entire tournament, picking up just 9 points in the whole affair, 2 against BC. Mike, however, was hampered by a bad back, and played the BC game in a back brace. Doran was the only Crusader over 10 points in the final, as the high-scoring Purple forward line was held pretty much at bay.

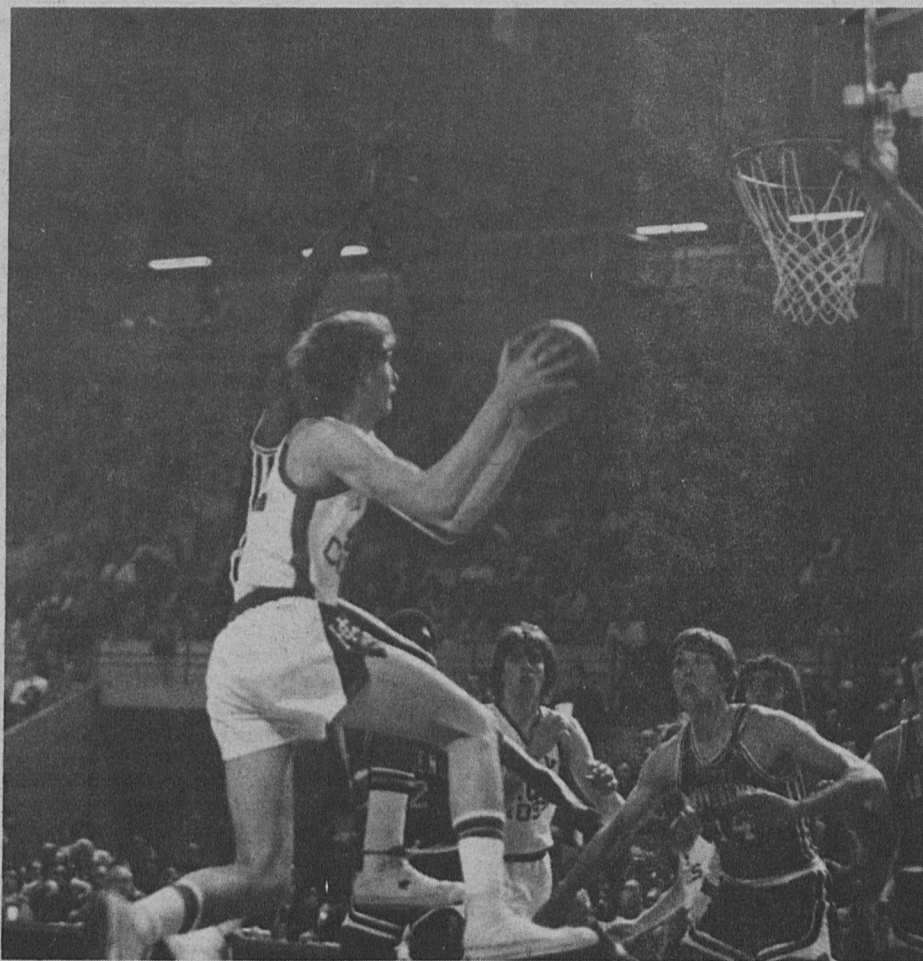
Marty Halsey suffered early foul trouble, and managed only 10, while Chris Potter witnessed several lay-ups roll of the iron and settled for just 9 points. Kevin McAuley also chipped in 10 for the Crusaders.

In the consolation contest Providence demolished Connecticut 108-83, behind sharpshooter Joe Hassett's 30 points on 15 field goals. It was the only free-wheeling ballgame in the otherwise defense-oriented tournament. To wit, Holy Cross, New England's highest scoring team, was held to its lowest point total of the campaign by BC.

UConn did not, by any means, justify their selection to the tourney, as BC toyed with them 68-58 in the tournament opener Thursday night. In both their games the Huskies seemed to take the first shot inside 30 feet, no matter how well guarded or off balance the gunner was. They finished a distant fourth, and you can bet they're saying "I told you so" up in Amherst.

HC Belts Friars

In the other preliminary, Holy Cross came up with its best effort since its



HC pivotman Marty Halsey makes like a guard as he steams toward the hoop amid awestruck onlookers from both squads and one Providence player who would dare to think he could block the shot. (Naneng photo)

previous Providence encounter, and decimated the Friars. Chris Potter played his usual quiet, superior game, netting 19 tallies, and Doran came off the bench to spark the big HC spurt, dropping in 14 of his own, as PC fell apart at the seams early in the second half.

Potter and Doran both made the all-Tournament Team, as did PC's Hassett, and Carrington and Collins of BC.

The Cross leaped to a 56-33 bulge with about seven minutes left. The Crusader fans were going wild, and no one really cared that Providence ripped off ten straight, and made the final respectable; they were all concerned with Saturday's final against BC. As well they should have been.

Despite the final round loss, Holy Cross had nothing to be ashamed of, and the fans knew it. A hearty standing ovation escorted the Crusader twelve into the locker room. At the game's outset, Purple mentor George Blaney was similarly greeted as he made his entrance.

True Saders Grace Springfield

It was a varied crew of rooters who viewed from the Holy Cross section: students, parents, alumni, Worcesterites, and two guys who are now listed as the

definition of "true Sader." Finally HC comes up with creditable cleerleaders! Those who were there can chuckle with me; those who weren't -- start going to tournaments.

Once again, however, the Holy Cross contingent showed itself to have the most class, both in victory and in defeat. Only UConn had a crowd that could be compared to ours; Providence and BC were somewhat sparsely represented.

Boston College, as a result of its win, will face Furman in the qualifying round of the NCAA tournament, and will go to Providence for the regionals if they manage to pull that one out.

Furman boasts a front line that goes 7-1, 6-10, 6-9, so the Eagles will have their work cut out for them.

Another Gotham Visit

Holy Cross joins New England rivals UMass, UConn, and Providence at Madison Square Garden for the NIT, beginning tomorrow. The Saders open Sunday afternoon with Princeton, runner up in the Ivy League to Penn.

So it's on to a fourth tournament of the year for the young Crusaders. And a second trip to New York for many HC rooters.

Ruggers prep for season; high hopes are prevalent

By Rich Horgan

This Saturday will mark the opening of the spring season for the Holy Cross Rugby team. Considering the experienced personnel, the team's hard work at practice for the past three weeks, and the squad's impressive performance in the Fall (8-3), one would have to be optimistic about the ruggers' prospects.

The A team will consist of an experienced backfield led by club president Jeff Smith and vice-president Peter Quinn. In addition to Smith and Quinn opposing teams will have their hands full trying to contain the explosive running of seniors Art Ferrera, Grant Troja and David Creane. Match secretary Jim Tammaro, Jim Graziano and Cameron Kelly complete this balanced backfield which has shown itself capable of breaking games wide open.

The backfield will be complimented by a quick, aggressive scrum that in the fall exhibited proficiency in getting the ball out of the rucks to the backs. This year's scrum led by club officers Pat (Legs) McDonald Dave (Lump the Bump) Morse and All New England hooker Jim Facey, has combined speed with their aggressiveness to the chagrin of their opponents.

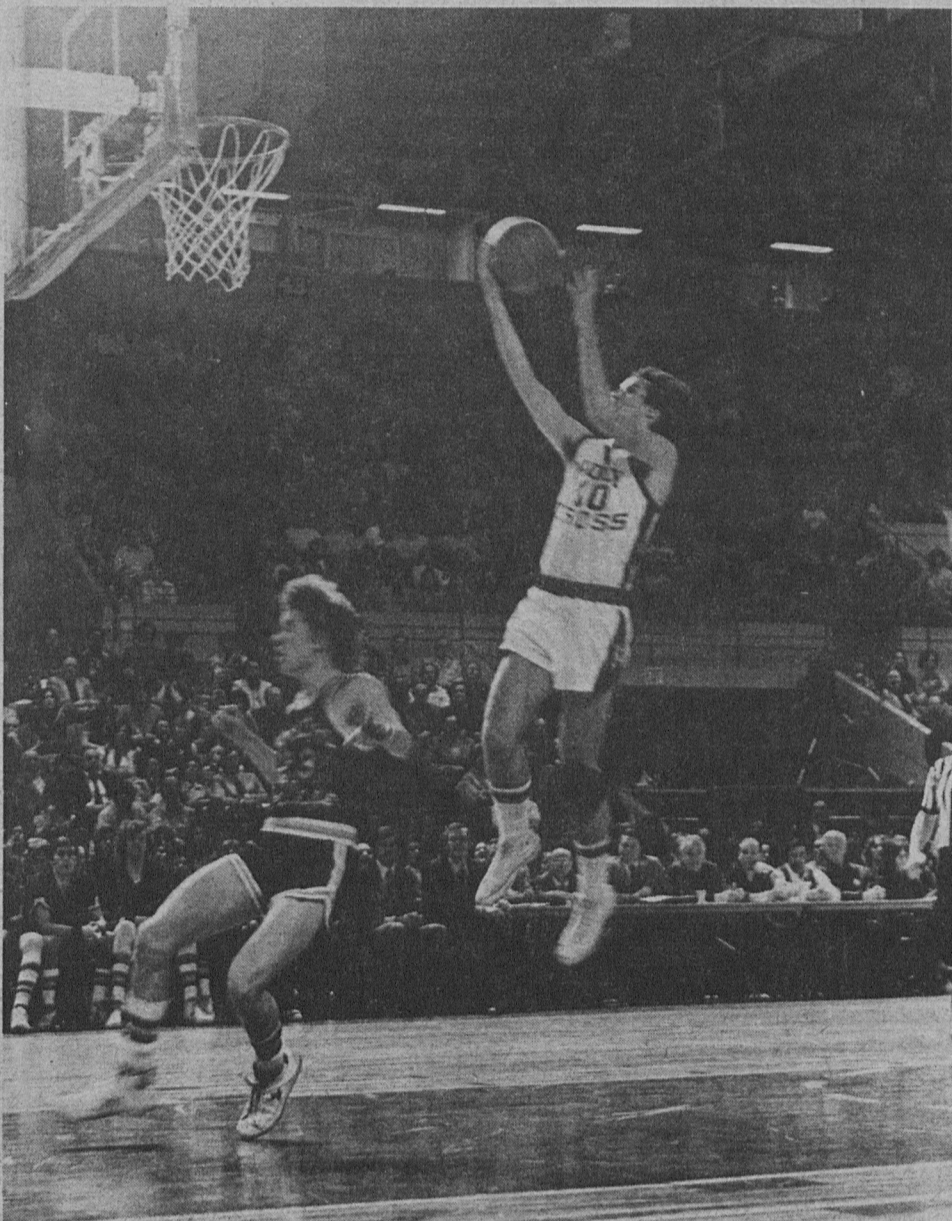
On the B and C teams the Ruggers should be able to field strong, experienced

squads. Senior Dave Morse attributes to the fact that "Several players on the B team gained valuable experience in the Fall when they performed admirably filling in for injured A players. In addition to the experience of the team, the large number of newcomers seems to indicate that the ruggers will continue to excel in the future.

Quote board

Larry Whiteside, a black sportswriter for the Boston Globe, while watching HC defeat Providence in the Springfield tournament, commented, "I like your team - but you need some brothers."

At last Tuesday's forum, sportscaster Clark Booth was asked about the influx of large and talented football specimens into BC as opposed to HC. To which Father Casey rose and replied, "I can answer that one. I taught at BC for 15 years and I learned how they hide their good players. Only trouble is that here at Holy Cross, we have no business department."



In a blur of speed Holy Cross forward Bill Doran drives toward the hoop for two of his 16 points, as BC guard Jeff Bailey announces the feat to the crowd. (Oat photo)

Clark Booth talks sports; raps savagery and greed

By Joe Fischer
Assistant Sports Editor

During these insecure, recessionary times, few people are willing to bite the hand that feeds them. Last Tuesday, however, Clark Booth, the popular Boston television sportscaster, mercilessly lashed out at his very livelihood -- the violent, greedy, and tax-deductible world of big-time sport.

Under the auspices of the Cross & Scroll Society, the 1961 Holy Cross grad lectured to an overflowing Hogan Auditorium crowd on the pervading "Sports Mania" in this country, a topic that, incidentally, will consume a forthcoming issue of the **Holy Cross Quarterly**.

Although he still professes a certain affection for the NHL, the loquacious Booth initially directed his caustic wit at the excessive violence of professional hockey. He denounced the Dave Forbes assault as a "pathological display," but it was only one in a long history of injurious attacks.

Furthermore Booth notes, "Every Sunday on NBC we must listen to one of hockey's most notorious thugs, Ted Lindsay, apologize for a vicious stick slashing across the spine as merely the act of 'laying on the lumber.'"

Disturbingly Sadistic

Booth, whose oratorical style combines the fluency of Heywood Hale Broun with the irreverence of Eddie Andelman, did not limit his discussion to the bloodbath on ice. He added that professional football has also entered "a disturbingly sadistic age," and blamed the mass media and their stop-action cameras for "framing such atrocities as the late hit."

The underlying premise of his hour-long tongue-lashing was that behavior in sport is only a reflection of society's behavior. Incredibly, members of a society actually patronize pro wrestling and the Roller Derby, in order to satiate their animal desires for violence, even though the agony is contrived.

The disease has reached epidemic proportions among the auto racing multitude who flock to exotic Indianapolis each spring, driven by the "promise of high speeds and wholesale carnage."

Believe it or not, we've been subjected to an even deadlier strain in recent months, the "Evel Knievel Syndrome." This mania has caused people to forget that the phrase, "You Bet Your Life," once referred to a Groucho Marx game show.

Woody and Allen

Booth reserves his most sarcastic words for George Allen and Woody Hayes. Allen has promulgated a "distorted philosophy of sport," when he says, "Everytime you lose, you die a little." Booth further contends that Hayes, the Ohio State Czar, epitomizes the greed that permeates NCAA football.

"Hayes sits atop a \$4.3 million business empire that turned in another \$2 million profit last year, but he refuses to give the OSU intramural program a single penny. As a result, the rate of intramural participation at Ohio State is among the lowest in the nation."

"Just as you shouldn't restrict a Biology class to the top six students at the expense of 200," Booth comments, "why should we confine college athletics to a chosen 40 or 50 players?"

On the professional level, fans find it convenient to blame today's inflated ticket prices and diluted products on the pure glutony of the players and their unions. But Booth pokes the finger of culpability into the bloated stomach of ownership.

Sports Speculation

For the first five years of ownership, Uncle Sam picks up the tab for players' salaries by allowing the owner to deduct the value of these salaries from his personal taxes. Of course, during this span, the shrewd sports speculator can bank on an exponential increase in the market value of his franchise.

Booth quoted the price of the original Boston Patriots at \$25,000. "Ten years later the Pats were sold for \$8 million, and their present worth is estimated to be \$14 million." Of course, such profit taking encourages expansion.

Where does Holy Cross fit in this



Boston newsman Clark Booth, '61, addresses a crowd of Crusader sports fans concerning the problems today's sports world faces. (Carlson photo)

maniacal financial empire of Woody Hayes and George Allen? Is fanaticism irreversible?

"Holy Cross has always supported a strong intramural program, and George Blaney has done an excellent job with the basketball team. Ed Doherty seems to have the right attitude about where football belongs on this campus. He seems to be a very sensitive man."

The ultimate battle against the excesses in sport will be waged by the fans in the form of a boycott. The apparent failure of the WFL is evident that a trend is beginning. Interest in football is subsiding. Booth contends, after a six-year peak from 1967-1972.

Criticism Costly

In the end, Booth's outspoken criticism of sports may have cost him his job at WBZ, as his departure from Channel 4 wasn't completely voluntary. "I wasn't officially fired but after ten years on the job, I realized it was time for me to leave." Booth confided, "My attitude was a factor but our differences went beyond that." He refused to elaborate.

Since that time, the HC alumnus signed a contract with WCVB-TV (Channel 5) to do general news assignments, features, and sports for the Needham station.

HC girls anticipate spring campaign

By Karen Brassard

Despite what the local weatherman says and what you see outside your window, winter is over and spring is here, and another sports season is beginning at Holy Cross, for the women as well as the men.

Gymnastics and slinnastics will be over next week, and they "went over very well" according to Diane Sepavich. "Slinnastics died out a little second semester, but we still averaged about 15-20 kids per week."

In women's intramural basketball, Mulledy III and II, and Clark III took the top three spots, with records of 8-0, 5-2, and 4-3, respectively. Highest scoring team was Mulledy III with 197 points.

The women's varsity basketball team met with a lot of problems this year which could account for their 0-11 season.

"They didn't have a good place to practice," commented Ms. Sepavich, "and with a young, inexperienced team (mostly freshmen and sophomores) and a new coach who was not from this school, things were a bit rough for them."

The girls did come close in several games, though they didn't win any. In their recent tilt with Mount Holyoke, they led by 3 at one point in the game, and ended up losing by only 7. Things are looking brighter for them next season.

Warm Weather Outlook

Turning now to the spring season, the outlook from here is very good. Women will have the opportunity to participate in a fair range of sports, both intramural and intercollegiate.

Tryouts for the spring tennis team have begun, and practice will start this week in preparation for an 8 game schedule of which 7 are home matches. The team will

Purple Pennings



By Art Davidson
Sports Editor

I was once told by a real writer, salaried and working for an animal called a daily, that the keys to success in this business were a sense of humor and the ability to keep things objective and in the proper perspective. My problem, doctor, is I failed to do any of these last Saturday in Springfield.

As I walked into the Civic Center Saturday morning my mind was in Charlotte. Visions of Furman and North Carolina cheerleaders danced in my head. What better way to break up the week than a plane ride south?

BC, you ask? Well, that was suppose to be a formality. Sure, they were good, and Carrington, Collins, Weldon and company were exceptional players but they were engaged with destiny's children.

I sat back and watched the Connecticut-Providence game with a smug feeling of superiority while mingling with the Marv Alberts and Ray Fitzgeralds and freeloading food and drink in the press room as avidly as any member of our distinguished profession.

Soon it was game time; the inevitable outcome was anticipated. Appearances were checked for the television cameras that would scan the pundits seated at their tables.

But we always start slow ... Here we go ... We're a second half team anyways ... Here comes the big push at the end ... I guess it's too late.

The overmatched Crusaders were simply not enough for the highflying Eagles. The dreams of Holy Cross, as the **Globe** would write, were shattered. Midnight had struck for the Cinderella team.

Defeat was hard to take. How far this team had come or that an NIT berth was in the cards seemed little consolation at the moment. What had been planned as a night of celebration equal to those of ancient Rome turned into an evening of homework and All in the Family. Any facade of the objective journalist was stripped away.

Still, the Springfield experience was most worthwhile. Our emotions perceived, both high and low, were real and heart felt. It was exhilarating to see students, alumni and friends of the college come together for a common purpose. The excitement this tournament created showed the beauty of sport and how little compares to it for sheer drama.

But the season is far from over. Agreed, the NIT is somewhat anticlimatic to the Boston College game and it has lost some of its lustre over the past several years. The NIT remains the second most prestigious college basketball tournament in the country and it is played in the media center of this planet. A victory over Princeton Sunday would give Holy Cross some national exposure and an excuse for students to skip school next week.

So forget last Saturday and be proud of what this team has done. See you in McAnn's.

be composed of girls from the fall team, and new members will be selected to fill the positions which will be open should any member of the fall squad not try out.

"I expect a fairly strong team," remarked Ms. Sepavich, "We did well in the fall (6-4), which should give us a better chance for the spring."

And for those of you who enjoy tennis but don't feel as if you're quite varsity level yet, lessons will be available. If interested, contact Diane Sepavich, ext. 2628 to make arrangements.

Intramural volleyball will be another of the sports offered this spring. Teams will be co-ed, and will be scheduled to play thru April.

"Response to volleyball has been overwhelming," Diane comments, "We have 24 teams, which give us a total of more than 300 kids." Games will be played in the late afternoon and early evening, beginning Thurs., Mar. 13.

Women this semester will also participate in varsity crew. Three meets have been scheduled with various Connecticut and Worcester area schools, including Tech, Clark, and Assumption. First race is tentatively set for April 6th.

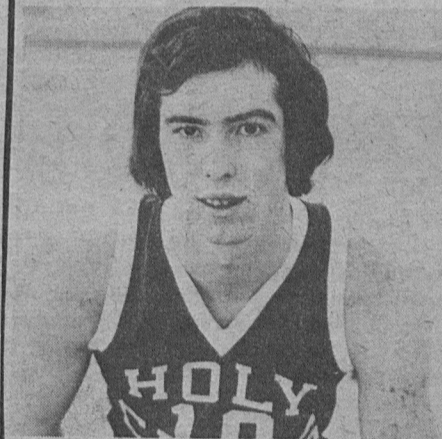
Stick People

Something new this year for women will be the opportunity to play lacrosse. A club is being formed, and the women's athletic dept. is in the process of purchasing equipment. If they cannot get any this year, Worcester State has agreed to let the HC girls practice with their team.

"Lacrosse is a bit different for women," said Ms. Sepavich, "but it's a fast sport and

takes a lot of skill. The rules are basically the same as the men's, however, and as long as we abide by them I believe we can avoid any extreme roughness."

Crusader of the Week



Bill Doran

HC super-sub Bill Doran has come off the bench with stellar performances all year long, climaxing his superior efforts in last week's ECAC New England Tourney at Springfield. When the Cross bombed Providence in the opener, Bill entered the scene and clearly led the way as he netted 14 points as HC pulled away in the second half. In the final against BC, Bill did his best again, scoring 16 to lead all Crusaders in the tough loss.

Dan Shaughnessy

Cross 'moves and grooves' to Maynard's radio lyrics

"I need a rest. When the season's over I might just go to Colorado, sit on a mountain, and look down at the desert for a while."

Maynard Allen

Can this be the Maynard Allen we've all come to know and love? The same Maynard Allen who brings us "movin' and groovin'," "defense Doug," "shakin' and fakin'," and "scoop de do drive?" You mean to tell us that WTAG's mustachioed play-by-play announcer actually lives for things other than Holy Cross basketball? Well, yes.

How much do we know about the voice which booms from every campus room on the night of an important road game? For that matter, who cared until this year? "Let's face it," says Maynard, "everyone connected with the Holy Cross basketball story has benefited this year. I'm no exception. It's been a great year and it's great to have so many people listening to the games."

Maynard, a 29 year old native of Newton, and an Emerson College grad, has broadcast every Holy Cross football and basketball game for the last two seasons. It was all done in relative obscurity until the middle of this hoop campaign. And at that point, who else did the HC faithful have to turn to when the Cross ventured to Notre Dame?

As part of the Holy Cross traveling entourage, Maynard has become a member of the team. Co-captain Dave Holland says, "Everybody likes Maynard. He's always positive in his commentary. It's a feature of his personality. He really has become a part of the team."

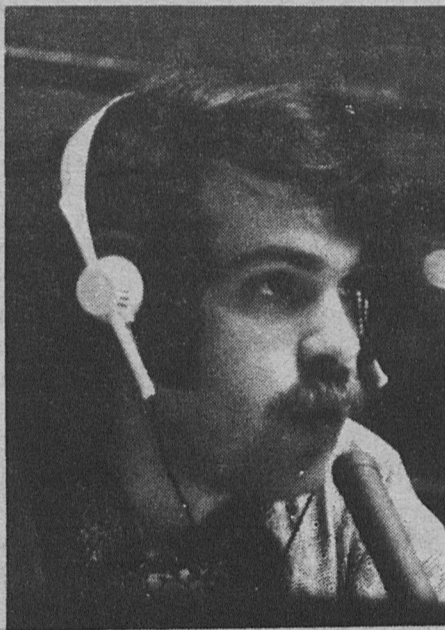
But what's all this about being tired and going to Colorado? "I've broadcast a lot of games this year," he sighs. "We do all the HC games and most of the Assumption contests. When this is over, I'll need some time off, some time to myself. This has been a great year, and I've enjoyed the season, but we can't shut ourselves off from other things. It's not good to become obsessed with sports. You need time to yourself."

Aside from Holy Cross and Assumption games, Maynard writes and delivers a sports commentary daily and acts as sports director for WTAG. For relaxation he reads, writes, and plays the piano. "A combination of what you might call 'blues rock & folk,'" he says.

On the road with the Crusaders he enjoys playing cards with the players and coaches. Maynard was "taken to the cleaners" in some of the games earlier this year, and folks insisted he was a glutton for punishment. There he'd be at the back of the bus shuffling the deck when the players boarded. "But," says Dave Holland, "he came back real strong and cleaned up on us late in the year."

"Sure, I took a beating," said Maynard of the nickel-dime games, "but then I decided that they should respect their announcer."

They do and the feeling is certainly



The inimitable Maynard Allen has risen from obscurity to be worshiped around the HC campus as the final authority on Purple hoop matters.

mutual. "What I like about Holy Cross is the fact that they play big-time basketball with perspective. This isn't a 'factory' school. Look at a guy like Chris Potter. He's a great player but chose a school with a low-profile away from the court. I admire kids like that and I admire Holy Cross."

Maynard found last year "very depressing. It's tough to convey excitement when there's none there. It's much easier now. I admit that I'm rooting for Holy Cross, it's hard not to, but I still manage to be objective."

Maynard's inventiveness with commercials is appreciated by all listeners. "They're a necessary evil, so I try to have some fun." Indeed, who can forget late in the heart-stopping overtime loss to Seton Hall when Maynard paused for air and then led into a liquor ad with, "and here's an appropriate message..."

Of course, not so funny was the time that someone set his script on fire as he was reading it over the air. But he does chuckle when he recalls an incident at a rather cold football game last fall.

"Someone slipped me a sip of Brandy and I left a full cup next to color man Colin Clapton. He thought it was coke and took a big gulp just before I asked him about the UMass blitz. And much to his own surprise Colin was getting blitzed as I asked the question."

For those who can't be there Sunday, Maynard Allen will once again be "movin' and groovin'" from Madison Sq. Garden. He won't offer predictions but maintains that "HC has a chance. They may not be the favorites but they should do a good job in the tourney."

And when it's over, life will go on for all of us, and Maynard will have a chance to play John Denver for a while if he wants. "I'm older now," he says, "and I'd like to do a little of everything."

HC tankmen sink in New Englands

By Steve Lypinski

Last weekend, an aggregation of adventurous Neptunes embarked south to participate in the New England Intercollegiate Swimming Championships. The Crusaders, though, were bested as Brown, Springfield, and Williams finished on top. These perennial swim powers give out many full scholarships and don't appear on HC's regular schedule. The only big surprise was that Springfield, which had won this tournament for twelve years in a row, was upset by Brown.

The first wave of aquarians invaded Brown's elaborate swimming facility on Friday, the opening date of this balneal tourney. Participating in aquatic Armageddon were Steve Widman and Dave Hassett, both in the 50 yard freestyle, Tom Noack, who competed in the 200 yard backstroke. Then John Peterson, Mark Johnson, and Steve Widman raced in the 200 yard freestyle. Peterson, swimming for

his first time in this event, captured the top position in his heat and came within one-half of a second in breaking the school record.

On Saturday, with most of the college in Springfield, six aquatic warriors voyaged to Providence for the second day of oceanic antagonism. While members of the other squads were psyching themselves up, the swim team huddled around a television set at the corner of the pool, avidly rooting for the basketball team in between their individual events.

HC Falls Short

Perhaps disillusioned by Bill Collins' flailing elbows or the obvious incompetence of the referees, most of the Crusaders did not attain their best times. Co-captains Paul Harrington and Tim Hopkins, competing in the 100 yard freestyle and the 100 yard breaststroke respectively, experienced off-days. But in

Tracksters lose Yale meet; end campaign with 11-7 log

By Tom Lynch

A record of 11 wins and 7 losses is a good one for any team. For the Holy Cross indoor track team it was the best ever. The purple thinclads ran against the powers in the East, including the national champion, and more than held their own.

In attempting to highlight such a campaign, there are many factors involved. One obvious aspect is the number of injuries that the team had to overcome. Seven vital runners were incapacitated for more than a month. Fred Rom, Neil Coleman, Paul Smith, Tom Kiley, Kevin Kiley, Mike Holmes and Pat Cahill all missed long stretches during the winter.

The January meet with Bates College was, without doubt, the most outstanding encounter of the year. The 68-67-13 victory (Bentley College was the third team) was highlighted by a Holy Cross sweep of the 50 yard dash and a photo-finish in the two-mile relay which insured the victory. Head coach Skip O'Connor called the meet "...certainly the best of the season." He also cited the Williams and Tufts meets as excellent examples of the squad's strength.

Morrison, Kobza, Keefe

Co-captain Dave "Dasmo" Morrison, burly weightman from Woonsocket, R.I., was the dominant force in the weight events throughout the year. This senior, who is headed for Columbia medical school next year, has garnered a place in the top three in New England for three consecutive years. His career best of 61'7½" in the 35-round weight stands as a school record.

Brian Keefe and Lou Kobza have been in the shadow of the "burly weightman" all year. Yet, they have managed to capture places in almost every meet. Keefe, in the 35-pound weight, had a season's best throw of over 44'. While Kobza managed to heave the shot put 48'4".

The high jump was manned by articulate junior Fred Rom. Fred, who has cleared seven feet twice in his career, managed a 6'10" jump against Worcester State early in the season. Then the heady high-jumper was forced to sit out most of the following meets due to cartilage problems in his knee. However, Fred will definitely be back in fine form by the spring season.

Mike Dunne, in the pole vault, qualified for the New Englands, but due to an NROTC commitment could not participate. His best vault was 13'9". Dunne also holds the school record of 14'6", which he cleared last year.

Quality In The Triple Jump

The triple jump saw consistency and quality from Rob Harty (43'4") and Paul Wocjiak (41'1½"). Harty jumped over 44" several times only to be disqualified for fouling and Wocjiak showed steady improvement as the season progressed.

Moving to the hurdles, John Veltrie and Tom Mosel ran well all season. Coach O'Connor, in speaking of Mosel, said he was "...a pleasant surprise ..." by taking several unexpected places. Veltrie also ran very well in all the meets.

The 50 yard dash saw the speed and power of three freshmen. John Taylor ran a best of 5.5 seconds and qualified for the

I.C.4A. meet last Saturday. Dan Maloney tied the school record of 5.4 seconds and also ran well in the mile relay. Finally, Mike Holmes added the consistent speed with several 5.7 clockings.

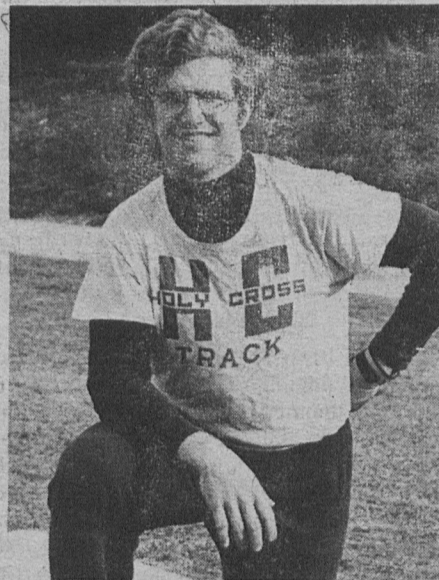
The 600 yard run was commanded by Nick Fulham. Nick had a 1:13.9 time as a season best. His efforts were supplemented by co-captain Kevin Kiley and Pat McEvily. Kiley was injured in the Northeastern meet and is just now returning to form. Sophomore McEvily was another pleasant surprise for Coach O'Connor. Pat holds the fieldhouse record in the 600 and ran a fine 1:57.4 over 880 yards in the New Englands.

Fahey Shines

Versatile John "Feathers" Fahey was the runner on whom the coach could call for any of several events. From the 50 to the 880, his efforts were all of excellent quality. John ran 1:59.5 in the 880 at Williams and a 5.6 in the 50 at Northeastern. He was ready whenever the call came.

Mike Mahoney was the shining light in the 1000 yard run. This freshman, who hails from Randolph, Mass., broke the school record in his event during the New Englands. His time of 2:10.1 also qualified for the national championships in Detroit this week. John Fallon and Dave Rooney were strong performers behind Mahoney. Rooney also ran well for the two-mile relay team.

The distance events, the mile and two-mile, were well-stocked with quality runners. New England champion Steve Kiley ran the mile with speed and style. His best times were 4:14.4 in the mile and 1:54.9 in the half-mile. The 880 time gave him that New England title.



Dr. Dave Morrison, burly weightman, M.D., got his new title via acceptance to Columbia medical school.

Dashing Dillon

Behind Kiley was the diminutive freshman from Providence, R.I., Bobby Dillon. Dillon proved to be the most durable runner on the team. In most of the dual meets he doubled in both mile and two-mile, the combination of which is the most difficult accomplishment in track. Bobby turned in times of 4:16.2 in the mile and 9:22.7 in the deuce.

Also worthy of note was the work of Bill Sanders and Jim Ruddick. Both these runners were recovering from injuries as the season began. Throughout the winter they worked themselves into shape. Their fine times in the later meets reflect their fine efforts.

The freshman class produced several athletes besides Mahoney, Maloney, Taylor and Dillon. Mark Murray ran a 9:22.7 in the two-mile before injuring an Achilles tendon. Keith Crawley cleared 12' in the pole vault. Tom Lynch jumped 21'1½" in the long jump and 42'7½" in the triple jump. Coach O'Connor indicated that he was very pleased with the freshman turnout this year.

The stellar results of the past three months were due not only to the athletes but also the coaches. Skip O'Connor and Jim Kavanaugh devoted hours of time working with the runners. Their efforts helped produce the best season ever. Now that it is over, both mentors are looking forward to the outdoor season.

Saders invade Gotham again, Princeton first foe

By Terry Cain
Assistant Sports Editor

Sunday, for the seventh time in the last twenty-some-odd years, the Holy Cross hoop team opens play in the National Invitational Tournament. The Crusaders bring in a 20-7 record (third best in tourney) and hopes not the least bit tarnished by last week's Springfield debacle.

HC's first appearance in the NIT was in 1952, back when Perry, Palazzi, et al were gracing the floor of the Worcester Auditorium. After dropping that one, HC won the 1954 affair, when Ron and Togo were seniors, and sophomore bomber Tom Heinsohn was added to the Purple show. In four tries since, the Cross has managed only a third place finish in 1961, the year George Blaney tallied his 1000th point as a Crusader.

Since the following campaign, 1962, Holy Cross has suffered a 13-year dry spell, lowlighted by several near misses in the late sixties, and two of its most disappointing seasons ever in '73 and '74.

But now it's 1975, and Holy Cross is back in the picture. Always a good draw in the NIT, HC is welcomed back with open arms by tourney officials, who extended us a bid moments after the final round loss to BC in Springfield.

Tourney Lineup

To go over the schedule quickly, HC meets Ivy runner-up Princeton Sunday at 3:00. On the same bill at 1:00 are Connecticut (why?) and South Carolina, one of the tourney's top teams. Both are 18-8. On Thursday, March 20, if the Cross beats Princeton, we face the winner of UConn-S.C., and it looks doubtful that the 'Saders will get another crack at the men from Storrs.

Princeton will be no cake-walk for the good guys. They boast a strong defense which gives up only 60 points a game, though it is not based on the press as is

HC's. The Crusaders counter that tough D with New England's highest point production. It promises to be an interesting matchup, and probably the easiest of any HC will play in the Tournament.

In other opening round action, Manhattan (13-11) faces UMass (18-7) and Providence (17-10) plays No. 1 seed Clemson (17-10) on Saturday afternoon, while tomorrow evening pits St. John's (19-8) against Lafayette (22-5), and Pitt (17-10) versus Southern Illinois (18-8). In Sunday's other games, Memphis St. (20-6) tangles with Oral Roberts (19-7), while Oregon (18-8) plays St. Peter's (15-11).

The quarterfinals are Tuesday and Thursday, followed by Saturday, March 22's semis and the finals the next day at 1:00. Should HC get by Princeton and South Carolina, they would most likely run up against Oregon, led by New England defector Ron Lee. Win or lose there, HC plays Sunday, either in the finals or in the consolation contest at 11:00 AM.

The better squads from the other bracket, those HC would run up against in the finals or consolation are Clemson, St. John's, and Lafayette. So should HC get by Princeton, there are no bargains ahead. Unless a few people pull upsets, the Crusaders will have to pull a few of their own to reach the final round.

From HC's Point Of View

How does it look for the Saders? Well, the Cross had a bad time of it against BC, but played two exceptional games before that in their destruction of Connecticut and Providence. So George Blaney and his forces shouldn't be too down after the BC loss.

An advantage HC will enjoy is that few of the tournament teams have seen either the press or Mike Vicens, and hopefully will not learn to handle them. In the past teams have been able to put a clamp on the Cross' flashy frosh, and beat the press, the

second time around, especially Boston College.

The Eagles, after three contests, finally learned to deal with both, and both were held in check. Coach Blaney should be able to look forward to a sound effort from Vicens, and an effective press against Princeton. Vicens will be the key factor: if he performs well, and everything else goes normal, HC should emerge as victors.

The biggest plus for HC is the complete blossoming of Bill Doran, who did everything right in Springfield, coming off the bench to score 30 points there in two games. Chris Potter should be in his usual perfect form, and a solid effort is expected of Marty Halsey.

Skill There, Needs To Show

For HC the skill is there. The past campaign has seen all four of these men, plus guards Carballeira and McAuley come up with exceptional games. "Defense Doug" Downey has played a key role in keeping the ball out of the opponents' basket, and 6-8 center Jim Dee has shown flashes of brilliance in his brief appearances.

It will take the best performances from everybody to do it, but the Saders have in there somewhere what it takes to win. And it is up to Coach George Blaney (there are not enough adjectives to explain how good a job he has done all year) to bring it out of hiding and put it on the court four times in a row.

HC nine readies for slate; looks to freshmen for help

By Mike McNulty

Right about now, "baseball fever" is starting to affect many people. On the national level, it is brought about by the earliness of spring training. On the campus level, the signs are not quite as blatant, but it is beginning to exist. Coming off the most successful fall baseball season in their history, Jack Whelan's forces are almost ready to begin the "real season."

As early as January 31, the battery of the team was invited to practices indoors at the fieldhouse. On February 17, the rest of the team joined them, and since then, every night has seen the 'Saders working out from 11-1.

Since the team is practicing inside, it is hard for Whelan to make any major decisions on a player. Therefore, he bases most of his decisions on the success enjoyed by the fall team. That squad went 9-2, and it is basically the same unit that will be playing this spring. That is, the same team with the exception of one injured player.

Bornstein's Loss Hurts

That injured player is one of the vital cogs in the Purple machine, though. Burt Bornstein, a junior, has muscle spasms in his back, and will not be able to even start practicing until March 30, his doctor said. His loss will affect the team immensely. He has hit over .300 for the last two years, and during that time he has won 14 games as a hurler. "That leaves the burden of the pitching on five freshmen," commented the affable Whelan. "We already know what the upperclassmen can do, but with the absence of Bornstein, the pitching staff will be weakened."

The five pitchers that will have the burden on them as Joe Sinkewicz, Rich Jasinski, Chet Forman, Jeff Spahr, and Bob Martin. Martin did not even play during the fall season, because he was on the football team.

Upperclassmen on the mound crew are Dave LaFlamme, Steve Lebrun, Mike Greeley and Brian O'Keefe.

The schedule that the team faces is one of the most brutal that they have played. They will play 35 games in 44 days, and included in there will be 6 doubleheaders. They start their season March 24 against the University of Baltimore. For the entire spring vacation, they will be on the road. They follow that opening game with 6 more, in five days. The cost of this trip is \$4,000, which the players raised themselves.

Their schedule also includes almost every team in the East. They play almost

A tough assignment, not to be done without help from his squad and support from his fans. It can be done, but not without a truly heroic effort.

Tourney tips ... **Clemson, though having lost ten times, is the tourney favorite, followed close by Oregon and S.C.** ... As Channel 4's Len Berman put it, "If N.C. State doesn't want the NIT, who needs 'em anyway." Right on, Len ... **Somebody better call McAnn's bar and the Statler Hilton in N.Y. and tell 'em that HC is coming back ...** Persistent rumor has it that Mr. McAnn himself bought off the refs in Springfield so the Cross would return to the Garden ... **I've knocked UConn enough, but I can't resist this first round prediction: S.C. 97, UConn 63 ...** also let's throw in HC 81, Princeton 69 ... **Providence will bow to Clemson, but UMass will join HC in the quarters with a close win over Manhattan ...** Though the long layoff could hurt the Minutemen ... **How the hell did Georgetown make the NCAA's?** ... The last game Mike Vicens played in the Garden, he scored 27 points against Seton Hall to spark the Crusaders' MIT victory ... **Potter, Vicens, and Halsey all made the New England All-Star team ...** And HC was the only team with as many as three men selected ... **Another rumor (real one this time) has PC's Bob Micesivius dissatisfied with the way things are going there. Coming out of high school, his second choice was none other than Holy Cross ... Remember Kevin Stacom???**

Lacrosse squad in training; face Springfield on Sunday

By Steve Lypinski

The HC lacrosse team, which enjoyed a winning campaign two years ago, looks to improve upon last season's 4-7 record. This decline can be attributed to an overwhelming rash of injuries. At one stretch, five out of ten starters were sidelined. Besides being physically debilitated by the perdition of these frontliners, the Crusaders cohesiveness was further hampered by the loss of an excellent midfield line. Senior Danny McDonald, who played impressively here in his sophomore year, was injured for all of 1974. Their replacements in this area played admirably, but did not possess the experience of the regulars.

Focusing on the upcoming year, assistant coach Jim Carboneau said that he expects "Steve Giblin, Kevin Davidson, Danny McDonald, and Joe Moriarty, all four year starters, to provide ninety-percent of the leadership."

The attack, anchored by Ken Davidson and John Moriarty, with the third offensive berth undecided between Dave Cain and Peter Von Loesecke, is the squad's strongpoint."

Since last season's starting defensemen have graduated, the protective contingent

is young, but asst. coach Carboneau is confident that he will receive a great deal of mileage out of them. Kevin McNamara, last year's MVP, has also moved on to higher education, so the goaltending position is up for grabs. Vying for the netminder's slot are Phil Leddy, who served as backup goalie for two campaigns, Joe McNamara, and Jim Garrity.

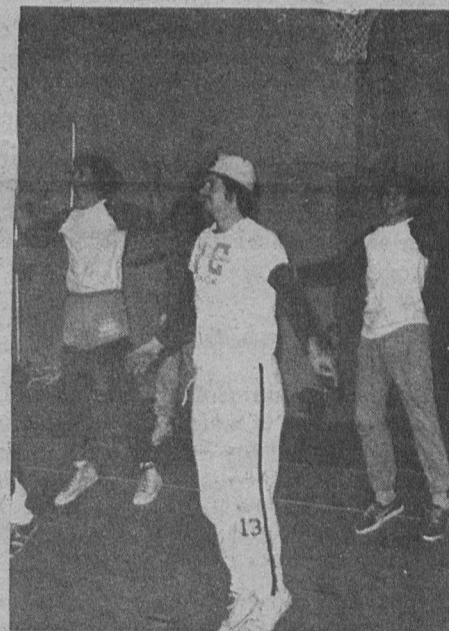
Some of the players, accompanied by coach Harry Tiffany, ventured to Florida to attend a lacrosse clinic over the semester break. Captain Kevin Davidson was impressed and commented that "it included good college players from all over the country, and was very beneficial and instructive."

Practice started early in February, and the terra-soldiers are currently concentrating on fundamentals and stickhandling. Their upcoming scrimmage against Springfield on Sunday should determine which individual phases of the game must be ameliorated.

The Crusaders have a tough schedule, meeting perennial lacrosse powers as BC, Dartmouth, and the Univ. of New Hampshire. Their first encounter is at home on Tuesday, April 5, when they will engage in terrestrial battle with Trinity.



Enduring the pains of a wet tennis court, the Crusader lacrosse squad goes through drills as third year coach Harry Tiffany looks on from the net.



Why are the Crusader diamondmen laughing through calisthenics?? Let's hope they can enjoy their season as well. (Haggarty photo)

all of the Eastern League, along with many independents. Coach Whelan said that they expect to do well, "but when you play that many games against good competition, you can't go undefeated."

Pros and Cons

Despite the loss of Mickey Connolly from last year's team, Coach Whelan feels that they will have no problems. "Rick Jasinski had a great fall, and he should do as well this spring. Bob Bigda, the captain, is a tried senior and I expect him to do well. And if Bornstein returns, that will probably be another .300 hitter."

The biggest question? "Can our pitching staff handle the long season? Bornstein's absence throws a question mark on our pitching staff. With him gone, you lose about 6 or 7 wins a year. The question will be whether or not the other pitchers can pick up the slack," said the coach.

The brightest spot? "The hitting. This is the best material we've had since I have been here. The hitters showed during the fall what they could do. Bornstein's loss hurts us there, too, but I think the other players will make up for his loss in the hitting department."

Last year's baseball squad was 10-13. This year, encouraged by the successful fall season, most people expect a much better showing.

Listings

TV Tunas

Tonight

8:30 p.m.

We'll Get By -- Paul Sorvino and Mitzi Hoag star as George and Liz Platt, the suburban New Jersey parents of three bright and saucy kids (aren't all New Jersey kids bright and saucy?...or at least saucy) In the first episode of this new comedy series, created by M+A+S+H's Alan Alda, daughter Andrea is monopolizing the phone. (7, 12)

1:00 a.m.

Midnight Special -- Loggins and Messina, and record executive Clive Davis host this show. Guests include Blood, Sweat and Tears; Martha Reeves; Melissa Manchester; Barry Manilow; and Gil Scott-Heron. (4, 10)

Saturday, March 15

9:00 p.m.

The Omega Man -- Charlton Heston plays one of the last surviving humans, a scientist pursued by murderous humans in the year 1977. (Sounds like a case for Banadakappa Lingappa). (4, 10)

Double Solitaire -- A middle-aged couple retire to a faraway beach cabin to re-examine their disintegrating marital relationship in this **Hollywood Television Theatre** drama. Starring Richard Crenna and Susan Clark, this production is based on the 1971 play, "I Never Sang for My Father", by Robert Anderson. (36)

Sunday, March 16

9:00 p.m.

What's New, Pussycat? -- Woody Allen's improvisational screenplay livens up a Parisian farce about a girl-chasing editor who seeks advice from a neurotic analyst. Peter Sellers, Peter O'Toole, and Paula Prentiss star. (5, 9)

Monday, March 17

8:00 p.m.

Henry Fonda as Clarence Darrow -- Fonda stars in a critically-acclaimed adaptation of his one-man Broadway play. He portrays the honest and courageous lawyer with special emphasis on his social philosophy and courtroom oratory. (2, 36, 53)

9:30 p.m.

Rhoda -- This episode goes back to Rhoda's life before her marriage to Joe, when she is faced with the Herculean task of finding a cheap apartment in New York. (Anything's cheaper than room and board at Holy Cross). (7, 12)

11:30 p.m.

Three Cheers for the Irish -- No way that we were going to let St. Patrick's Day pass by without a mention of the little green men. This comedy movie features a genial retired cop (aren't all Irishmen genial retired cops?) who runs for the assembly. (56)

Tuesday, March 18

8:30 p.m.

M+A+S+H -- C.O. Henry has been discharged and the bon-voyage hoopla is mixed with sentimental reminiscing. (7, 12)

8:30 p.m.

Ordeal -- A wealthy, injured man is abandoned to die in the desert by his avaricious wife and their no-good guide. Arthur Hill, Diana Muldaur, and James Stacy star in this hardluck flick. (5, 9)

Wednesday, March 19

8:00 p.m.

The Small Miracle -- This Hall of Fame production concerns a spirited boy Pepino who believes his dying donkey will live if he brings the animal before the crypt of St. Francis of Assisi. Father Superior, however, feels that the tomb will be desecrated if the boy is allowed to go ahead with his plans. (4, 10)

8:30 p.m.

The Hyena Story -- Animal behaviorist Jane Goodall and her family track hyenas in East Africa to expell the myth that the beast is a cowardly scavenger. (5, 9)

9:30 p.m.

Fashion Awards -- Watch this display of award-winning American fashions, hosted by John Davidson and Diahann Carroll, and compare them with the rags you have on. (5, 9)

10:00 p.m.

The Law -- This special features Judd Hirsch returning to the role he portrayed in a recent TV-movie. The maverick lawyer represents a divorcee who is charged with murder of her former husband, though she only gave him a minor stab wound. (4, 10)

Thursday, March 20

10:00 p.m.

A Tale of Two Irelands -- In the past five years, the hostilities in Northern Ireland have resulted in over 1200 casualties, and writer-producer Howard Stringer interviews both Irish Protestants and Catholics to get to the roots of the problem. (7, 12)

Concerts

Chick Corea and Return to Forever

- By far the most noteworthy concert of the month, keyboard whiz Corea and his exceptional band will be performing some excellent progressive and experimental jazz March 28 at the Orpheum. Tickets \$4.50 - \$6.50.

Johnny Winter-James Cotton Band

- An interesting combination of raunch-rock and straight blues should be in store for all who catch this show, April 1 at the Music Hall. Tickets \$4.50-\$5.50.

Mahavishnu John McLaughlin

- McLaughlin's acoustic guitar highlights this show of Indian and spiritually influenced jazz, tomorrow night at Boston's Morse Auditorium. Call 776-6924 for info.

Seals and Crofts -- If you're one of the many who adore this dynamic duo on your car radio, try catching them in person, March 18 at the Music Hall. There will be two shows, at 7 and 10:30. Tickets \$4.50-\$5.50.

Legion of Mary -- The Dead may be currently stagnant, but Jerry Garcia is once again out on the road. His present band of sidemen includes Merl Saunders and John Kahn. They'll all be at the Orpheum April 6, for a mere \$4.50-\$6.50.

Labelle -- "Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir" to you, too! Patti Labelle and her charming pals will be at the Music Hall April 6. Eat your hearts out, 1843 club.

Tom Rush -- If Tom's HC appearance wasn't enough for you, you can catch him again at the Harvard Square Theater March 19. Tell him Frank Reardon sent you.

Cinema

Worcester

Lenny -- Dustin Hoffman stars as the late Lenny Bruce, a nightclub entertainer whose material included social taboos, prejudice, sex, hypocrisy, and words, mostly of the four-letter variety. At the **Showcase Cinemas**, downtown Worcester.

Stepford Wives -- The ad says, "Something strange is happening in the town of Stepford," and shows Katherine Ross' head and hand, unattached. Strange is not the word. Reviewed in this week's **Crusader** by Abbie Reardon. At **White City Cinema**, Worcester-Shrewsbury line.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore -- But it's what you'd call an extended visit. Alice, on the road with her 12-

year-old kid, is still movin' and groovin' at **Worcester Center Cinema**, downtown Worcester.

Scenes from a Marriage -- Ingmar Bergman's classic of a torturous husband-and-wife relationship. Starring Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson. At **Cinema 1**, at Webster Square.

Report to the Commissioner -- This is no "Report to the Mother Superior" type deal, but a serious detective story of police woman Patricia Butler, who puts her life on the line for her job. At the **Showcase Cinemas**.

Boston

The Great Waldo Pepper - Robert Redford stars as the second greatest flyer in the world, and we all know No. 2 tries harder. (Since when has Redford been second best in anything?) At the **Charles Cinema**, 195 Cambridge St., Boston.

At Long Last Love -- Burt Reynolds and Cybill Shepherd star in this "new kind of musical" with tunes by Cole Porter. Let's hope they have the sense to dub the voices. At the **Circle Theatre**, 399 Chestnut Hill Ave. at Beacon St. intersection, Brookline.

A Woman Under the Influence -- Gena Rowlands, as Mabel, is somewhere between "unusual" and "crazy", exactly the spot where John Cassavetes sets his realistic movie about the ordinariness of marriage and madness in a working-class household. Peter Falk is Mr. Natural as good ol' Mabel's husband. At the **Cheri Theatre**, 50 Dalton St., Boston.

Theater

Boston

Lenny -- Whether or not you've seen the movie, this production of Julian Barry's Broadway sensation concerning the controversial nightclub performer Lenny Bruce is wellworth attending. At the **Charles Playhouse**, 76 Warrenton St. Boston. Perfs. Tues. - Fri. at 8 p.m., Sat. at 6 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Sun. at 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.

The Point -- This adaptation of Harry Nilsson's musical fantasy opened to rave reviews. At the **Boston Repertory Theater**, corner Berkeley and Marlboro Sts., Boston. Perfs. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30 p.m. Tickets are \$3-\$4.

Hasty Pudding Theatricals -- The H.P. Club of Harvard University presents its annual musical satire, **Put Up Your Dukes**, at the **Hasty Pudding Theater**, 12 Holyoke St., Cambridge. Perfs. Mon.-Sat. at 8 p.m., through March 27. Tickets are \$5-\$7.

Campus Cinema

The **Emigrants** is Kimball's weekend movie. Starring Liv Ullman and Max Von Sydow, and directed by Jan Troell, this Swedish production is a beautiful yet realistic account of a group of emigrants who make their way from Sweden to New York to Minnesota in the nineteenth century to escape the poverty, suffering and religious persecution of their homeland.

Wednesday's film, **Death In Venice** is Italian director Luchino Visconti's adaptation of Thomas Mann's classic short novel. Dirk Bogarde, stars as Gustave von Aschenbach, an aging composer and conductor who journeys to Venice for a vacation of relaxation and contemplation. What he finds is the embodiment of his ideal of beauty in Tadzio, a handsome fourteen-year-old Polish boy. Aschenbach's fascination for the boy becomes an obsession, a decadent preoccupation for which the oddly oppressive atmosphere of the city itself becomes a metaphor. With **Death In Venice**, Visconti captures a sense of physical and spiritual disintegration, a theme central to Mann's story.

The Monday movie series in Hogan this week offers us **Born Yesterday**, with Judy Holliday and William Holden. Showings are scheduled at 3:45 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.

Recommended

This weekend, quite literally, will be a classic. Not only do we have a classic St. Patrick's Day celebration planned here, but we're also blessed with Classics Day on Saturday, 24 hours devoted to our Greek and Roman heritage.

The St. Patty's Party will be held tonight, March 14, from 9 p.m. - 1 a.m., in Hogan Ballroom. Bobby Clancy, whose Irish folksinging appearance here during the fall went over like a leprechaun festival in Dublin, will return to entertain you with some ballads, some traditional favorites, and some good rowdy Irish music. Miller beer, Irish coffee, and munchies (pretzels, popcorn, potato chips, etal) will be served. The Special Events Committee of the CCB of D is sponsoring this one to keep those Irish eyes smilin', so join in the fun.

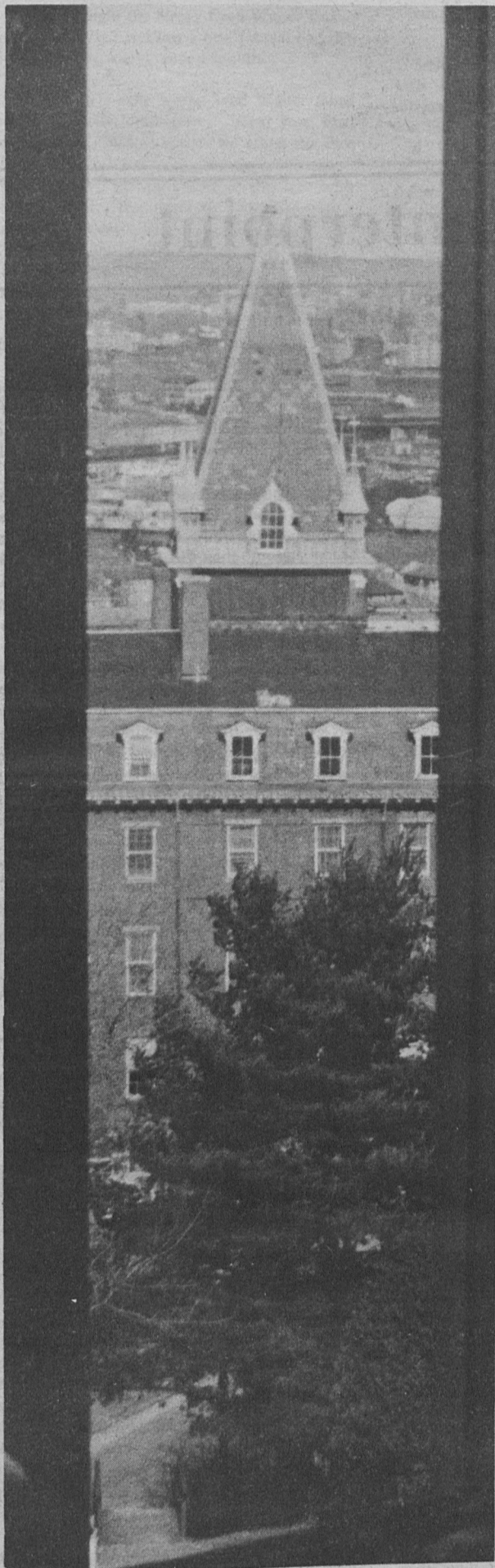
Saturday, the Classics Department gets to redeem its reputation with this day of educational and entertaining classics. Themes revolve around archaeology, mythology, and drama, as local faculty experts (?) and, in contrast, one real authority, lecture and perform. Don't miss this one -- it's a classic.

It goes without saying that Sunday offers us another classic -- the NIT. Hit the road and head for the Big Apple to top off your weekend. The luck o' the Irish to us!

The Crusader

Vol. 52 - No. 7
Anniversary - 1975
College
of the Holy Cross
Worcester, Ma.

Fifty years of student journalism



The *Tomahawk* — *Crusader* obviously holds a lot of different meanings for just about everybody. Even the die-hard apathetic students have been known to glance at the front-page headlines before relegating the newspaper to the nearest trash can. For the editors, who spend the equivalent of at least nine credit hours per semester on the publication, the *Crusader* is their fifth (?) course. It is the marathon session on Wednesday night, the headache during the 10a.m. Thursday class, two hours running like mad people to and from the printers — only to discover, on Friday morning, that a headline was misspelled.

For the faculty, opinions range anywhere from "that rag" to "a pretty good issue this week." The Administration generally responds only to make a correction, so at least we know that they often glance at the headlines.

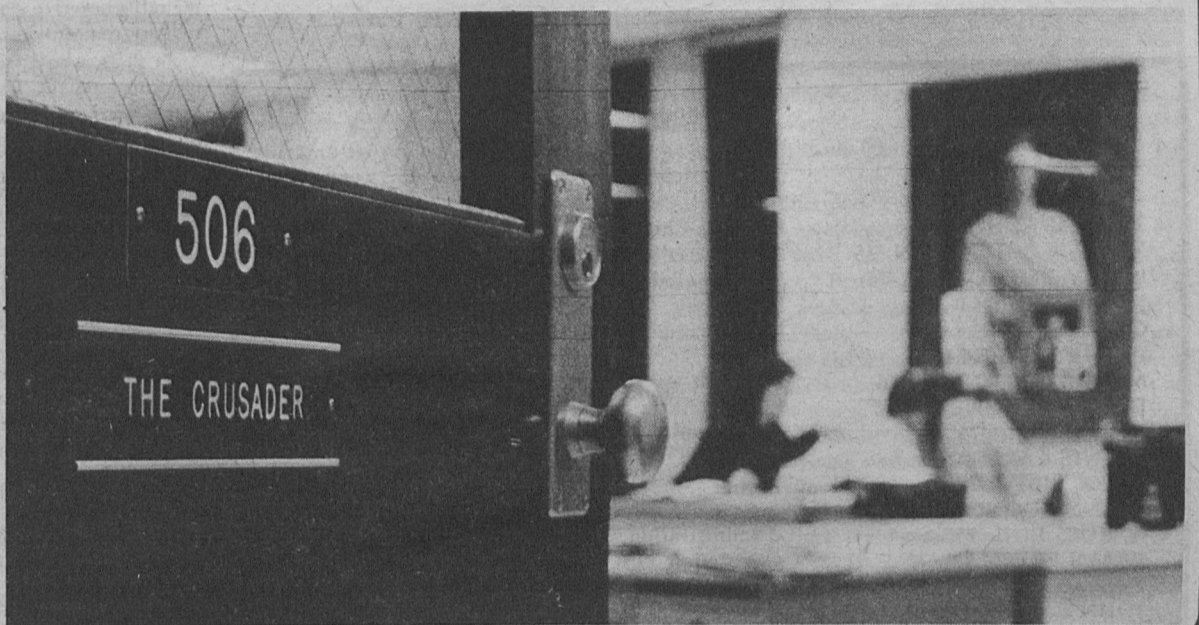
The hardest reaction to judge of all is that of the students — our most important and most demanding critics. Does the *Crusader* represent only a segment of campus opinion? Of course it does, a victim of the same limitations which every student organization faces.

But does the newspaper do the best job possible to represent accurately campus opinion? That is left to the students to decide. It never fails that, every week, we alienate some segment of the community; but, in doing so, we inevitably draw kudos from another segment.

Which leads to another question: is there really such a creature as described by this nebulous phrase, "campus opinion?" We doubt it, but what you see every week in your PO is our best effort to present as broad an opinion as possible.

It is not fair, on a campus such as this, to expect that any organization can be serviceable to the entire student body. Thus the *Crusader* decided this week to engage in a little self-indulgence by introducing our organization to you — its history, changing goals and policies. We hope to introduce you also to a sense of Holy Cross, past and present. But, most important, we want to open ourselves up for your inspection, showing how we got where we are now, and hopefully answering the question: why (to borrow a pun from the "other newspaper"), in fifty years, didn't anybody stop this Weekly progression?

(Cover photos by Andy Kirby, '77)



Inside:

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the old days p. 4*

*Ten best
athletes p. 10*

*A Crusader
history p. 5*

*Brooks
interview p. 7*

the gadfly

It is awkward to write an editorial which will be relevant to both students and graduates; it is especially difficult to avoid sentimentality in an issue celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of *Crusader* publication. For the benefit of graduates (and interested students), we would like to fit the present Holy Cross into some kind of historical perspective; for the benefit of students (and concerned graduates) we will try to justify continued *Crusader* publication.

The Holy Cross student of today, while certainly not less bright when contrasted with students from other years, is perhaps less original. He or she studies more, but questions less, both in and out of the classroom. Goals have shifted from a career in the humanities or the liberal arts (or at least, from a career as a **humanist**) to a steady climb in professionalism. Students are, on the whole, comfortable; whether or not that is a healthy state of mind for an educated young adult of nineteen or twenty is another story.

The administration is more estranged than ever from students and even from some faculty members. They have done a commendable job of getting the College out of the red and into the black, but at the same time there has been a loss of mutual confidence, warmth and respect between the administration and other facets of college life. Are the two goals mutually exclusive? Do college finances require that faculty and student morale be placed second on a list of priorities?

On the other hand, faculty and student relationships are far healthier here than at almost any other institution. Faculty response to student organizational and co-curricular activity is encouraging; they are concerned, but not meddling. At the same time, the students are very concerned about how their teachers are treated. One only has to read the February 7 issue on tenure to discover that.

How does the *Crusader* fit into all this? The *Crusader* is both a mirror of student opinion and concerns, as well as an educator of and for the student body. Understandably, burning the candle at both ends is a tough position. If the *Crusader* is too reflective of student opinion, it is criticized as "stooping" to student level. As an educator or questioner, it is criticized as being "unrepresentative", catering to a "segment" of campus opinion, or finally, as reporting "features" rather than hard news. To those who level the first criticism — mostly administrators and a few faculty members — is it really "stooping" to try to reflect campus opinion as comprehensively as possible? Furthermore, the newspaper is largely published with student money. Is it wrong to emphasize stories in which students express an interest, even if it means highlighting faculty members who were prematurely let go? We think not, for if students cannot find a forum and an informant in their newspaper, they cannot expect to find it anywhere else.

Those who level the second criticism are mostly members of other campus media, or of organizations which find it advantageous to deny that they had any part in a controversy which the *Crusader* had covered. The *Crusader's* purpose is not to publish minutes of various club meetings and give free publicity to every campus event; that is physically and financially impossible. Such coverage is left to those campus media who find criticism so easy, but who neglect to exploit fully their own ability to get news out as quickly as students would want to hear it. The *Crusader's* intent, on the other hand, is to push students off campus, to draw people out of themselves and to stimulate their imagination and interest in the arts, and in the cultural and civic affairs surrounding Mr. St. James. It is also the *Crusader's* intent to uncover or at least question issues where a number of students may feel somewhat shortchanged; tenure, student government, fees allocation, social life.

An issue receiving extensive coverage may only disturb a small percentage of the student body; but perhaps, after some investigation, it is evident that more people should be disturbed. If, by presenting a segment of campus opinion in a documented manner, the *Crusader* disturbs and even stings a few people in the right places, then we have succeeded in our endeavor to make students **think**: favorably or unfavorably, but at least to think **something**. And if, by "wasting" a page on album reviews or museum guides, a segment of campus population finds something new to do on a weekend, then we have served our purpose of at least presenting an alternative to the Saturday night beer blast.

Thus, the reader is here presented with one picture of Holy Cross and the *Crusader's* role. Since it is an editorial, this picture is largely subjective and therefore debatable. But it is as valid an expression of student opinion as any other. Holy Cross is not a bad place to be, but certainly one which can and must be improved — lest an editor fifty years from now paint a far less hopeful picture.

"They don't pay much attention
to the editors
after they get out."

— John J.M. O'Shea
first Tomahawk editor

Counterpoint

Who would have predicted 50 years ago that in 1975 the campus newspaper would be called *the Crusader* and that it would be edited by a female? Or that the student enrollment would number nearly 2600 or that only thirty percent of the faculty would be Jesuit? Or that nearly 100 talking pictures a year would be shown on campus? Or that electric ice-boxes and television and telephones would dot dormitory rooms?

I doubt anyone could have made these predictions even twenty years ago for that matter ... or in some cases even fifty months ago. Who of us would want to predict fifty months ahead to June '79? Events spin too fast now. The world goes too quickly flip-flop.

Even fifty weeks ago who'd have thought that the basketball team would be playing so extraordinarily this season? Or that some students would complain about the academic calendar? Or that two handball courts would be so hopelessly insufficient for 2600 students? Or that we'd go through our fifth editor of *Crossroads* in ten years? Or that we'd be paying two ex-cons in one month to lecture here? Or that so-and-so wouldn't get tenure and so-and-so would? Or that four faculty members and two students would be dead? Or that students would be studying more and learning less? Or that SRO crowds would be filling Hogan 519 to see two old thirties movies and loving every minute of them? Or that any student would be graduated from HC without taking a single course in Philosophy or Religious Studies, to say nothing of Greek and Latin ... and the less said about them the better? Or that alleged liberals would be buying raffle tickets to send an ROTC Drill Team to a military competition in Washington?

In short, who'd have thunk it? Just some people with foresight, I suppose. Many of the year's events were only logical outcomes of stances, attitudes and practices over the years, or simply of human nature.

And considering the foregoing, who'd care to make any predictions about the next fifty years or fifty months or even fifty weeks? The first two time spans seem hopelessly long and chancey. Who'll run the risk and foretell the next fifty weeks? Is there no resident Teiresias, no Merlin, no Karnach?

No? Dare I presume? I dare.

I predict in fifty weeks:

— that the academic department with the largest student enrollment will have an equally large faculty to teach those students.

— that since classes will end in April, baseball will fade away even more and that those "athletic-ships" will be put to better use.

— that all scholarship students will be expected to show more scholarship than merely hovering around the 2.1 area and that, if not, then their scholarships will be taken away and given to some real scholars.

— that the hockey team, with its own home base at last, will get the student support it deserves.

— that the music department will make serious efforts to organize a student group performing serious music.

— that the Alumni Association will run a Homecoming Day for HC graduates in Communications and will bring home HC journalists, TV people, writers, and artists.

— that the faculty will come to a golden mean between twenty-six hours of compulsory philosophy and theology and absolutely none at all and realize that some of each, at some time in students' careers, is not a rape of their free will but rather a sign of real love for their minds.

— that the dreary remnant of insecure males (centered largely in Carlin) will grow up and realize the real roots of their blatant anti-feminism.

— that the Deans will finally do something to make the Advisory program (i.e. the Advisors and Advisees) really work.

— that the Administration will hire someone to run an extracurricular theatre program for students not enrolled in the theatre arts division and which will serve as an alternate and supplement to Fenwick.

— that the AA will devise an instructional program for athletically ungifted students and help them find a physical activity they can pursue after school and into their 50s (unlike tackle football).

— that the PAKS will rise phoenix-like.

— that the IHC, the faculty, and the *Purple* editors will find ways to expand the *Purple* as a creative outlet on campus.

— that someone will figure out why 120 Pre-meds are accepted in the first year (twenty per cent of the class) and only fifty go on to Med. School.

— that Freshman RAs will see their roles less as amateur psychologists and hand-holders and more as preservers of order and protectors of minorities.

— that students will run risks and take courses in areas they know nothing about, just on the chance that they might learn something new; likewise, that they will attend odd lectures, unknown movies, concerts of unfamiliar music just to widen a bit their narrow self-centered worlds.

— that house residents will realize that loud stereos, late-hour drunks (or any hour for that matter), and corridor hockey are public nuisances and they should move to off-campus apartments where their selfish, anti-social behavior will be less tolerated.

— that some of the HC sisters will show a little more oomph, pizzazz and chutzpah and stop being retiring mousey ladies-in-waiting and become the community leaders they are expected to be.

— that the Pre-Meds will stop feeling sorry for themselves and thinking that social and cultural calendars must pivot around their lab reports.

— that the AA will devote more attention to the so-called minor sports (isn't the very epithet indicative of an attitude?) which collectively involve more students actively as participants than the so-called majors do merely as spectators and that they will find funds for adequate coaching by degreed and versatile phys. ed. instructors.

— that the emerging lust-for-power struggles among the alleged adults on campus will evaporate under the rays of Christian wisdom and love.

— that the Trustees will make an annual official explanation to the ever-changing community about the whys and wherefores of the Tenure Theory as practiced on most American institutions of higher education.

— that someone will explain to our students, their parents and some of the faculty that the purpose of a humane education is to make us more humane — mindful of our origin from **humus** and therefore more humble, but also remembering that we are "inspired" dust with gods within and therefore should show a little spirit and enthusiasm; that a liberal education should free us from past prejudices and from excessive concern for the buck; that an arts education should teach all of us to make art everywhere ourselves and to encourage others in the arts; that a Christian education means we must pour ourselves out in the service of others, to wring ourselves dry so that others may have life and have it more abundantly.

And finally, I predict that in fifty weeks anyone whoever again makes predictions like these will be immediately relegated to the TODAY staff.

Dr. Kenneth Happe

Ed. note: Dr. Happe is an associate professor of classics at Holy Cross, an alumnus (class of 1958) and also faculty advisor to the *Crusader*.

The Crusader

1974

THOMAS C. HINES '75
MARTIN BODTMANN '75
LARRY RUTKOWSKI '75
JOAN SINOPOLI
GAIL LUKAVIC,
BETH WHITEHEAD
MICHAEL BENNETT '76
DAN SHAUGHNESSY '75
DON BRADY '75
BERNIE CARLSON
MARK METZLER,
JOANNE DONOVAN ex-'77
A. ROSS PINI '75
BRIAN FREEMAN '75
DAN LYNCH '75
JOHN BONZAGNI

Editor-in-Chief
Associate editor
Managing editor
Features
News

Research
Sports
Photography

Layout

Administration
Circulation
Business

1975

JOAN SINOPOLI '76
GAIL LUKAVIC '76
BETH WHITEHEAD '76
PATTY O'CONNELL '77
BILL FERRARA '77
MEG LASCH '77

ART DAVIDSON '76
BERNIE CARLSON '77
ANDY KIRBY '77
MARK METZLER '77

JOHN BONZAGNI '76
MARIO GROSSO '76
JAMES GRAHAM '76
WILLIAM LONG '76

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Contrada returns

Great Expectations — Unbound at last

"What did you see when you were there?
Nothing that doesn't show"
"Baby You're a Rich Man"

Once upon a time a Sleepy-Eyed Waiter sat in his chair and watched the faces change. They were such fun! One face wore a "mustache" that said "Next year, Fritzle!", and one wore blurry glasses that said "Remember the time ...?", and one wore a scraggly beard that said "But why?" And one face wore mirror-blue eyes that said "I can't!" and filled with the ocean. They went around and round.

One dark night the Sleepy-Eyed Waiter looked up from his chair and saw a new face. It had two big eyes and a round, round mouth.

"Who's that?" the Sleepy-Eyed Waiter asked the face with the "mustache". "Next year, Fritzle!" it said. "Who's that?" he asked the face with the glasses. "Remember the time ...?" it said. "Who's that?" he demanded of the face with scraggly beard. "But why?" it answered, with a question of its own. "Let's go find out who that is," said the Sleepy-Eyed Waiter to the mirror-blue eyes. "I can't!" they said and filled with the ocean. The Sleepy-Eyed Waiter got out of his chair and pressed his face against the window. The faces went round and around.

One twilight evening the Sleepy-Eyed Waiter went out from his room to find out who the new face was. He went to ask his bread-sharing Family and the tall Professor and the Priest with the soft hands and the Buddha.

"Who's that?" he asked his bread-sharing Family. "Why, that's the Man in the Moon," they said, giving him some bread. The bread tasted good but, no matter how much he ate, he still didn't know the Man in the Moon.

"Who's that?" he asked the tall professor. "Luna, lunae, feminine," he professed, looking down. "You can find the details on page 416." He looked on page 416 and saw a lot of black words but, no matter how many times he looked at them, he still didn't know what they meant.

"Who's that?" he asked the Priest with the soft hands. "That's one of God's wonders," the Priest said softly. "It is not given us to know any more," said the Buddha, and scowled fiercely. "What?"

asked the Sleepy-Eyed Waiter, stepping back. "Kill! Kill!" said the Buddha, and fell over laughing.

And the Priest put his soft hands on the Sleepy-Eyed Waiter's head. But, no matter how many times he felt the soft pressure, he still wanted to know more.

One cloudy afternoon the Sleepy-Eyed Waiter went down from his school to look for the new face. As he walked down the street he passed a thousand upright people and almost two thousand downcast eyes but he didn't stop to ask any of them.

Suddenly he found himself standing on a corner with ten thousand people, all looking up at something. When he turned to see what everybody was looking at, he saw a bright yellow sign that said "WAIT". Everybody was waiting. He looked up the street. Nothing coming. He looked down the street. Nothing coming. He stood there still. Then, stepping down off the sidewalk, the Sleepy-Eyed Waiter crossed the street, looking to find the new face on the other side.

And so one sunny morning a Wide-Eyed Wonder set off down the road. His Family packed him a lunch and the Professor suggested some books for him to read and the Priest touched his head one more time and smiled softly. And the Buddha played dead on the sidewalk and laughed and laughed. They all stood on the door-step as he left and said "Don't go yet! Be careful! Are you sure? Watch out! It's dangerous!" But he just smiled and waved to them, and as they looked after him they knew in their hearts they were going with him and they wished him good luck.

His wide eyes saw a world of new faces. Under cover of night he found secrets in hidden places. Alone and unbound he dared to raise his hand. And as he went down the road he made up a song called "It's not where you're going but how you get there."

How did you get there, Wide-Eyed Wonder? I drove away from home in a dying car and it held the road through sun-streaked day and neon night beside truck and camper and bug and I was at home in it.

"Who's that?" he asked the Buddha. "Kill!"

I turned on the radio and heard the patriots of the old revolution singing their forgotten anthems. Aching with fever, I fell asleep at the wheel but awoke, gasping, with a new breath of air.

And what did those wide eyes see?
I saw a blue glow in the window of every American home.

I saw a laboratory atop a wind-swept hill outside of every city.

I saw five thousand people standing in line.
I saw my own death sitting nearby, hands crossed in his lap.

I saw what the Sleepy-Eyed Waiter was waiting for.

Under cover of night, what unfolded?

Under cover of night, I walked with a girl with bleached-blond hair and she told me a secret.

Under cover of night, I walked the midnight streets of a strange city with my hands in my pockets and my hair to the breeze.

Under cover of night, I drank beer in a smokey bar where I knew the bartender's face and he knew mine.

Under cover of night, I entered a room so dark that men seemed to have painted lips.

Under cover of night, I met an insane man with white whiskers and he bought me a beer and I realized he was Santa Claus.

Under cover of night, I rode the 5 a.m. bus with half-sleeping witches and black-toothed ghouls.

Under cover of night, I faced a dozen Hare Krishnas in a naked room and bared my head to their unanswered questions.

Under cover of night, I taught my guitar how to talk and it kept me company.

Alone and unbound, what did you dare?

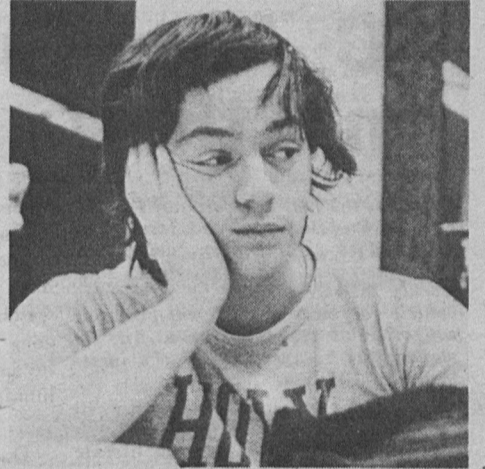
Alone and unbound, I passed waving hitchhikers on the sun-blest highway and their names were Whitman and Kerouac and Guthrie.

Alone and unbound, I stood atop a sky-bared mountain and looked towards the misty city.

Alone and unbound, I saw a hawk soar (I really did!)

Alone and unbound, I sang a Bob Dylan song out loud with no one to hear but myself.

Alone and unbound, I wore my headband and a native asked me if I was an Indian and I said yes, full-blooded.



Fred Contrada, '74, former associate editor of the *Crusader* and columnist.

Alone and unbound, I chanted Hare Krishna before the eyes of student and devotee alike.

Alone and unbound, I trembled at the power in the eyes of the tiniest child and burst with laughter in the face of the hugest giant.

Alone and unbound, I felt my hair grow on my face and down my shoulders and I rubbed my chin and shook my mane.

Alone and unbound, I remembered something we had all forgotten and then I forgot and then I remembered.

And throughout all of your watching out, how careful were you?

I didn't care if anybody looked at me.

I didn't care if anybody laughed at me.

I didn't care if anybody believed me.

And I lived to tell about it.

And of all the things you saw and did, how much is true, Wide-Eyed Wonder?

Of all the things I saw and did, all of it is true and much more.

And if I told you what I really saw, you'd want to kill me.

But if you saw it too, then we'd both see it.

— by Fred Contrada, '74

Ed. note: Contrada, after spending several months making pizza in Atlanta, is now working on tugboats in New Orleans. Writing is still his primary activity.

Reverberations: Thoughts on 'Committed History'

What he ought to do for the individual is to turn personal troubles and concerns into social issues and problems open to reason. Today, what he ought to do for society is to combat all those forces which are destroying genuine publics and creating a mass society — or put as a positive goal, his aim is to help build and to strengthen self-cultivating publics.

C. Wright Mills

To those caught up in the moment, swept along by mass passions or blinded by the sudden glare of new dangers, history offers the welcome antidote of perspective. It carefully weighs the conflict of generations and the passing of years while locating the temporary present in a larger continuum. But perhaps history's greatest value is that it is a human study. In biographical content and attention to personalities, it emphasizes individual choice, recognizing that beliefs and moral values have mattered. At its best, history can satisfy individual needs as well as be representative of the broader flow of social concerns and national events.

While there are few instances of his orical insight in the direct and immediate service of public policy, there seems to be a vital connection between strong public concern and distinguished historical work. The leading interpreters of American history, Charles Beard, Frederick Jackson Turner, and Carl Becker have all been committed to the historical realization of certain civic values, even in some cases to specific ends. They have looked to the past with some passionate concern for the future. According to Richard Hofstadter, these men were *engage*.

The position of the committed historian is, nevertheless, a precarious one. He may think he is deriving his policy from his history when in fact he is deriving his history from his policy. And failing to exercise discretion, there is the danger of losing respect for the integrity, the independence, the pastness of the past. He must be active in his preservation between intense personal involvement and a more dispassionate view of the collective historical process.

Socrates, who are you?

Walking this tight-rope is infinitely preferable to

its most frequent alternatives, the alienated perspective, or no perspective at all.

Alienation, that is choosing a life outlined and determined by others, rather than a life based on one's own inner experience, leads, not surprisingly, to desensitization. The individual stops trusting his own feelings and since he cannot actually make another's feelings his own, he learns mechanically to provide the proper gestures or facial expressions, to denote the appropriate feeling. Alienation affects the writing of history; it produces the non-story and a certain sterility in the individuals who depend upon a story for a sense of national identity.

An autobiographical element is necessary in historical writing. Know thyself, and all that. Yet

there is an intermediate stage between individual awareness and the larger balance of power or march of nations. While the historian is inevitably trying to discover where he fits into the whole picture, he also has a commitment to the individuals with whom he interacts: the neighborhood, the college community, the factory. His is to answer questions, to determine location, to sense future directions for the collectivity, guiding them with strands drawn from the tangled web of the past. It is commitment to those one understands best.

John boy, please stand up

Mass society has tried to assuage the anger of The Committed by creation of The People. It is a well-orchestrated attempt to give all the dehumanization a cosmetic shot in the arm.



Russell Baker, columnist for the *Times* once speculated on the identity of The People. He first tried to discover them. Whether or not you want to love Lucy, or visit John Boy Walton, the networks take you into their living rooms. Why? Because The People want to see them. Democrats, Republicans, Symbionese liberators have found The People too. They are quick to say, "We are in touch with The People, we know what they want."

What does The People look like? Baker conjures up an image: "it resembles a large wet pudding laced with frozen fruit and chopped hamburger." Be that as it may, The Committed You, who stands up to this overgrown lump of jello — The People — are its greatest enemy. It is standing up and saying "I don't want to be a part of that silent-majority-computerized blob!" It is not uncommon to find the committed historian standing up all the time.

This consciousness motivates historian and non-historian to speak out. It demands a stand. Jonathan Kozol made the following comments concerning the desegregation situation in Boston last December: "Truth, unlike the circulation manager even of a very honorable paper, does not cower always someplace in the middle. Truth, like the law, at last takes sides. So must this nation. So must this city."

Pluralism, we are told, demands abstraction in history to provide meaning. Perhaps we should melt our differences and problems into one big pot? Then history will belong to everybody, or, more likely, to nobody. The committed historian sensing the alienation inherent in such a position climbs upon the shoulders of his predecessors and strains for a higher vision. His vehicle of history tries to liberalize the mind, fortify the will and enable us to accept responsibility not only for society but for ourselves. The self-cultivating public. Committed history prepares us to live more humanely in the present, and to meet rather than foretell the future.

David F. Griesing, '75

Ed. Note: Griesing, a history major, participant in the honors program, and Rhodes and Marshall Fellowships nominee, has been a columnist for the Crusader for over a year. He has also recently been elected to the Holy Cross chapter of Phi Beta Kappa and will speak as class valedictorian.

The way we were: some oldies but goodies

BC Alumnus Dr. Callahan — On Ethics, Novel & Himself

This is the first in a series of Faculty Profiles. Professors, lay and Jesuit, will be asked to comment on their work, their interests, and themselves. This weekly interview could be a running vehicle for increased student-professor rapport and communication. And so we ask the co-operation of the interviewees. (1959).

English professors are a funny lot. It is their occupation to be as literate as a James, sensitive as a Dickinson and witty as a Wilde. They must be in, out, distant, involved. And Doctor Edward Callahan is all around the house. Titles — he's got them: Director of Special Studies and Board of Directors of N. E. College English Association. Education: B.C., A.B. and M.A. and Wisconsin Ph.D. In war: Air Force squadron navigator in Italy. In peace: Holy Cross' Susskind on things literate.

Dr. Callahan came to Worcester after a disenchanted year at the University of North Dakota. He was first surprised at the quality of students here, an admitted prejudice from his Boston College past. Now the good Doctor lauds the Holy Cross intellectual potential. In his mind the latent ability of students, the rapport between student and faculty, the series of great leaps forward by former Dean Long, and the new well-prepared faculty make Holy Cross the best Catholic college in the United States.

"Crusader Button"

Callahan speaks with perception about Holy Cross. His "Crusader Button" sticks out a good lapel length. He is not the kind of man or teacher to wallow in the mediocre and so his words are believable. Holy Cross as a college leaves some measure of doubt for many people, but Callahan sees it in marvelous *potentia*. He thinks without Father Long this school would

have been nothing. "John Long brought a critical attitude towards education. He stepped on many toes as any good educator will. I fought with him myself, but I never found a fairer man."

Doctor Callahan pontificates on a few other personal peeves — student attitudes and personal integrity. "Students are not rising to self-examination. Students find fault too much in the faculty and administration. And they do not examine themselves." Callahan goes on — "College is often too paternal. Personal ethic is only demanded by religious and intellectual sanction, but the most important ethic is personal integrity." The professor's eyes closed a little with these words. "If God is dead — what would you do? Our agnostic brethren know. Perhaps we don't. The Holy Cross man will have to evolve a personal ethic."

From the vantage point of Special Studies Director, Callahan would like to see the curriculum revamped, a cut down on required hours, and more independent study. In the same liberal vein Callahan urges Holy Cross affilia-

tions with the N.S.A. — "We can't secede from the human race since this happens to be an age of communication. This sitting on the Hill and watching the world go by should have gone out long ago. The McCarthyite labeling of the N.S.A. with Communists is absurd."

First Novel

Doctor's literary preference leans strongly towards Joyce, Nabokov, Faulkner, Steinbeck (but only for *Grapes of Wrath*) Auden and Lowell. Recreation is music and theater.

Chink in the armor: "My fantastic interest in Anglo-Saxon writers prior to *Beowulf*."

Unfounded fear: "Ever predicting the future."

On tiddlywinks: "Wonderful apotheosis of the absurd, and who says we can't live with the absurd?"

On a desert island, Doctor Callahan would prefer company with Pope John, Bertrand Russell, and Camus.

Politically he is a devout liberal of the aforesaid Russell camp. "I would think that pacifism is Christian."

But the real way to the Doctor's heart is to ask about his novel. For those in B.S. Chemistry and out of the mainstream of thought, Dr. Callahan has been laboring for four years on *Yoke of Stars* which is now in the novelist's words — "in the stage of being rejected by the publishers." He confesses that "everyone writes a novel, but mine is just being finished."

Purple Patcher picks head

J.C. Council deliberates; Names Nobile as editor

Editor's note: Philip Nobile, '64, was features editor of the Crusader and author of a regular column, "Dissent." He resigned his position over an editorial dispute. He is now a contributing writer to Esquire.

The Junior Class Council, after several days of evaluating candidates, announced last night the appointment of Philip Nobile to the post of Editor-in-Chief of the 1964 *Purple Patcher*. Nobile was one of five hopefuls who had applied for the job.

Class President George Deptula, commenting on Nobile's selection, said that the choice had been made because Nobile "showed a good deal of insight into writing techniques and picture evaluation. He also showed the Class Council that he was not simply representing himself — as he has done in many of his articles

for the paper (i.e.: *Dissent*) — but was representing the Class." A transfer student from St. Peter's College, a Paulist Fathers seminary in Baltimore, Nobile has amassed a weighty list of credits in his year-and-a-half at Holy Cross. He is a member of the Cross & Scroll, the Sodality, and is an elected representative to the Student Congress. He has been seen this year in the Drama Society's productions of *Oedipus* and *Ralph Roister Doister*, and has recently been given weekly air time on WCHC. The History Honors major from Belmont, Mass., is also Features

Editor for the CRUSADER.

When asked whether his weekly humor column for the CRUSADER would effect the '64 *Patcher*, Nobile raised a deprecating hand. "Hold on, guys. I'm playing this one straight." He then went on to prove it, saying, "I would like to thank the Junior Class Council for the trust they have placed in me. I think this statement carries more than the usual meaning in my case."

Summing up his hopes for the yearbook, the new Editor-in-Chief moved into the realm of definition. "The *Purple Patcher* should be the corporate, tangible impression which graduates with the Holy Cross man. The 1964 *Patcher* will be that impression."

Letters

The day hops' tourniquet treatment

Dear Sir:

This may come as a surprise to many but the day hops, besides being famous for their hats and varicose veins from hill climbing, are adding

Nov. 1, 1948.

a new trapping to their reputation which is threatening to become a tradition among them. This new trapping is the expressed discontent among the day hops with their lot in the campus life at Holy Cross. Specifically the trouble lies in their resentment of the boarders' indifference towards them. This indifference was sharply outlined by the sudden interest of the boarders in the day hops during the recent elections purely for their vote. It must be suspected since no such interest had been shown before.

Perhaps this condition of indifference can be shown more clearly by taking the election system itself, and pointing out the variety of injustices, new and old, which rankle the day hops. First let me comment on the two vice-presidential entries on the ballot which was to many minds an unfair move of the majority against the day hops.

In what I have to say in future paragraphs I should not, by rights, have any compunctions about violating tradition for a tradition was violated when the vice-presidency, a time honored day hop office was split with the day hop being relegated to second spot. Such a move certainly points out the indifference of the boarders or suggests premeditation with another goal in mind.

Secondly the rules for office holding were made to insure a proportional representation between boarders and day hops. So it came as a surprise to find ourselves holding one office out of five when the record shows reputedly that the day hops make up one-third of the total registered. If there had to be an extra office created it should have gone into day

Pope parody piques student

Sir:

Mr. Nobile has at times succeeded admirably in his self-appointed role as the intellectual gladiator of Holy Cross; at other times he has succeeded only in subjecting the student body to rather tasteless bilge. In his column of January 10th, however, Mr. N. revealed a new dimension of his admittedly unique personality. It seems that on occasion he can be extremely crude. His parody on Pope John and the Council Fathers was not only in bad taste, but coming from one who purports to be a Catholic gentleman, it was wholly inexcusable.

In your initial editorial there were some sharp criticisms levelled at the previous CRUSADER regime, along with some glowing promises of the lofty heights to which you intend to uplift our campus paper. I would suggest that sandwiching Pope John between Mao-Tse Tung and Elizabeth Taylor is a damn poor way to start.

Sincerely,

Lawrence J. O'Keefe, '63

P.S. If Mr. Nobile deigns to respond to this, I would appreciate something other than the statement that he is going to knock my block off or punch me in the nose. (All right, I'll kick you in the teeth instead.—P. N.)

Kudos for the Jesuits

Dear Editor:

I am writing to you in your capacity as Editor-in-Chief of *The Crusader* and in response to the recent editorial entitled "Jesuit Anachronism."

Let me state at the outset that the notion of a college being "run by" a religious order is not, in my opinion, and I hope in the opinion of the majority of Holy Cross alumni, "chronologically out of place." As pointed out in the editorial the contribution of the Jesuits must not be belittled nor can the contribution of the laymen who have often devoted most of their lives to the college.

However, the editorial misses the point; Holy Cross is Jesuit and

always should be Jesuit unless the Jesuits decide they no longer want it to be so. If Holy Cross is gasping now, it is because the Jesuit influence is not strong enough. Holy Cross would surely strangle if it were not Jesuit.

Furthermore, those students who subscribe to the philosophy, as expressed in the editorial, that the Jesuits are out of place in running Holy Cross should politely leave and make room for those students who believe that Holy Cross should be run by the Jesuits and desire to attend such a college. Their numbers are countless.

Very truly yours,

(1971) Thomas C. McKone '40

hop keeping.

The idea should be for each side to admit their failing and, for those who can, to start some course of action to mend a split which gets a tourniquet treatment annually when the spirit of graduation and "Bygones be bygones" are upon us. Such actions satisfy for the moment but bring about no actual cure.

It seems like crying to the wind to plead from these pages, year in and year out, for class spirit in the stands at Fitton Field when there is not the unity in the four classes conducive to such spirit.

Sincerely,

— Walter J. Wall, Jr., '49.

Birch Society's Welch leads a 'sane' organization

by Philip Nobile

John Birch Society founder, Robert Welch, has been called many things from the left and right. But he has never been called less than a man who loves his country.

Certainly this admission is not an apology. Mr. Welch does not need one; nor does any honest patriot. Although Mr. Welch may perhaps disagree, there is a difference between a McCarthy and a Welch. McCarthy's attack on the left was madness, while Welch's program is sane if not sensible to the serious observer.

Welch called Castro a Communist in 1958 while the Khaki Prince was being wooed by the State Department and Harvard. Today he calls Venezuelan president Romulo Betancourt a Communist. There have even been remarks about former President Eisenhower (see p. 3).

Unfortunately for all concerned, this kind of alarmist publicity has overshadowed the real John Birch Society. It is not the usual run-of-the-right anti-Communist vigilante committee. It is a profoundly moral, quasi-religious organization with indefinite goals of "less government, more responsibility, and a better world."

This reporter interrupted Mr. Welch's heavy office schedule for half

an hour last week. Mr. Welch was reluctant at first and claimed his aides had made the arrangements without his knowledge. But as the questions rolled off, he answered with some strange compulsion to get his message across.

It may have been just courtesy. It could have been his sense of mission to preach his gospel to all who listen. Whatever it was, Mr. Welch responded voluminously to each query.

Personally, Mr. Welch is a fascinating man. Well past middle-age and paunchy, he speaks with a bottomless knowledge of world affairs. Names, dates, places and events fall effortlessly from his speech. Welch is clothed with supreme confidence in both himself and the Society. Yet this confidence never seems pushy or conceited. I received a distinct impression of humility. He listened carefully to the questions and did not use them to spout Birch philosophy any more than necessary. Nor did he evade, hesitate, or beg the question.

In any great political debate there will be the clash between the moderates and the extremists. Each is abused by the other. Often wisdom seems to lie in the mean of the moderates. But a haunting phrase echoes: "Only the violent shall bear it away."

(1963)



Dr. Edward Callahan, member of the English Department.

Tomahawk to Crusader: tradition continues

by Thomas C. Hines, '75

"Here the mirror is held up to college life; here we may frisk impertinently over the passing scene, play a saxophone bravura of the foibles of the hour, and drag on to the slap-stick platform topics and incidents for the edification of many."

Today that might not seem to be material for a front page news story. The quote, however, is taken from the lead story in the first issue of the *Tomahawk* now the *Crusader*, published fifty years ago this month. The story, announcing the appearance of a college weekly, promised that "Columns of college news, sports, humor, and light literature await all comers" for a mere dime.

That first issue was the product of several months of preparation by John J.M. O'Shea '25 the first editor-in-chief, and others who had become interested in the project. O'Shea, now a semi-retired New York lawyer, later recalled the events leading up to publication. "Coming back to

the mantle of the student for the uniform of America's armed forces. Twenty-one, a number which sends shudders up and down the spine of many a youth, but the number of which the Cross can well be proud." Several years later, the paper would announce that 2300 alumni and former students were in uniform.

Three-year Program

Shortly after Pearl Harbor, Fr. Maxwell, the Rector, announced that Christmas vacation would be shortened to nine days for all Juniors and Seniors. After the vacation, a new calendar was announced which accelerated the progress of all four classes through shortened vacations and increased course loads. Under this system, all freshmen completed their undergraduate work in three rather than four years.

With the increase in academic pressure, there

sion is an auspicious one for adopting an official nickname by which the Holy Cross athletic teams may be designated..." The editors, prompted by this letter and a similar one from the cartoonist for the *Worcester Telegram-Gazette*, requested student input on the subject of a nickname. They suggested "The Chiefs," a name which was adopted by the paper for a short period of time.

The nickname did not catch on, however, and suggestions continued. A letter from Rev. Jerome J. Flanagan O.S.B. ex-'12 made this argument in favor of the name "Sagamos." "What a wealth of possibilities cluster about the nomen! 'A Saga of the Sagamoses! 'A sagamoric swatfest! 'Sagamoses Sag in Sixth! (Quod avertat Fortuna!) These merely touch the fringe. What do present day students of Holy Cross think of the name 'Sagamoses?'"

Apparently they did not think much of it since, as a member of the class of 1926 wrote, "Chiefs" is flat and colorless, and 'Sagamoses' is too artificial and ponderous." The student went on to suggest the name "Crusaders," which had first appeared in the *Boston Herald* that May. The name won quick approval among students, and when the *Tomahawk* sponsored an election in the fall, "Crusaders" won an easy victory, receiving 143 votes compared to 17 for "Chiefs" and 7 for "Sagamoses."

Once the athletic teams had become the Crusaders, Indian symbolism quickly fell into disuse. By the fifties, the only examples of the tradition left were an occasional reference to Mt. Pakachoag, and the *Tomahawk*.

Crusader Dawns

This was the situation in 1955, when Francis Fox, '55, editor-in-chief, went to talk to the Rector about changing the front page of the paper. "The decision firmed up over about a two month period. I decided that we should reduce the size of the masthead. We had figured out that the old

Garden to defend its NIT championship and lost. In comment on the news of the day, the paper stated that "It's about time artificial insemination involving a third party was declared adultery and the child illegitimate." The selection of a Homecoming Queen was front-page news. In case you were wondering, Lynne Hennecke won).

In the sixties, mock trials, tournament bids and prom queens began to dim in importance. Headlines such as "Student Congress Debates New Constitution," "1200 Students Demonstrate at Protest Rally," and "Endgame: Two Interpretations" began to appear. As a January 1966 editorial stated "In a very few years we have seen most of the egregious anomalies of Holy Cross eradicated. Compulsory Mass, triple cuts, obligatory class attendance, check-in for seniors, the 2.70 QPI restriction on junior cars, the no-appeal secret faculty discipline committee, the smothering philosophy and theology requirements all have given way to more enlightened understanding of the purpose of the college and the needs of its students.

"The problems to be confronted now are more complex, the targets less obvious. The day is dawning, for instance, when Holy Cross will have to face the fundamental questions involved in being a religious institution in an age of rapid development in religious thought...Old answers will not suffice, for the problems are new. To underrate their importance could be disastrous." The material in the paper was not always that hard to digest, but it did try to fill the role of conscience in an institution in transition.

It also served as the source of humor which was often off-beat, and sometimes marked by a new irreverence. The entire front page of one issue was devoted to a student who swam across the Blackstone River ("His pants were slimy with jet-black mud, his formerly white socks were just the opposite of white and his shirt was transparent. "But he walked under his own power.")

"But he walked under his own power.")



the Cross in the autumn of 1924, I had the idea that the college could stand a medium of current information — in a word, a newspaper. I felt so sure that a weekly would do that I approached the Dean of Studies, the late Rev. Francis X. Downey, S.J. for permission to start publication of my own paper on the Hill. Fr., Downey countered by suggesting that I go ahead and get out a newspaper for the college and said that he would back myself and classmates in such a venture."

The *Tomahawk* was by no means the first publication on the Holy Cross campus. The *Eclectic*, the *H.C.C. Tatler*, and the *Class Journal of the Freshman Class '97* were all short-lived publications of the nineteenth century. In 1894, the first issue of the *Holy Cross Purple* was published, and for thirty years this journal served as a combination literary outlet, alumni newsletter, and campus forum.

In the December 1924 issue, the editors of the *Purple* explained the need for a campus weekly, stating that "A student weekly would be a potent factor in the unification and expression of undergraduate opinion. It would be a means whereby college activities could be brought directly to the attention of the students, thereby reviving that interest in certain college organizations which has of late admittedly lagged."

In this same period, O'Shea and his associates were quietly working out an organizational structure in the office in lower O'Kane, which had been nicknamed "The Wigwag" by the staff. "As in all new undertakings, there was the usual worry about finances and press time but I can honestly state that I never can remember entertaining the idea that the paper would not be successful," O'Shea later recalled. On February 17, 1925, the first issue of the *Tomahawk* appeared (see back page), stating that "A weekly, to make a pun, is indeed the cynic qua non of college life."

The Debut

The first issue of the paper set a pattern of content and style which was followed for the next thirty years. Some of the headlines in the issue were "Movies appear on Mount Saint James" the first was "'The Dixie Handicap," a Metro-Goldwyn production about racing days in old Kentucky), "B'Nai Brith Donates Hebrew Volumes to College," "Batterymen Hold Practise in Cage," and "Impressions of Nurmi the Unbeatable."

Some of the regular features in the first year were the editorials, a weekly calendar, alumni notes, **From the Sidelines** (a sports column), and a humor column called **Crossings**, which included items of general interest such as the following:

"The general opinion among present-day

was little time to devote to extra-curricular activities. The large numbers who left the college to join the service put more strain on already faltering organizations.

The *Tomahawk* managed to publish on a regular basis in this period, but not without some problems of its own. In a two-year period the newspaper had five different editors, as reserve units were called up and men left Holy Cross to enlist in one of the services. In January 1943, the editor-in-chief, William Larson, and the managing editor Andrew Carten both left Holy Cross to join the marines. The paper was published for several weeks by Francis Kelly, associate editor, before William Cullen was elected editor-in-chief.

Cullen, presently associate editor of the *Scranton Sunday Times*, recalled the college atmosphere in those years. "It was a time when civilians were outnumbered by military on campus. All three branches of the service had reserve programs and some students were able to join these. Many others, however, chose to enlist or were called up in the draft."

The most important changes in the newspaper at this time concerned content. Student activities were inevitably restricted, and the bulk of the paper was filled with news of the war as it pertained to Holy Cross. "One of the big differences was that one of the big beats was covering the ROTC program," Cullen remarked. In spite of the serious atmosphere, however, there was still an occasional light article, such as one by Francis Kennedy entitled "I met Carmen Miranda," and an article explaining the basics of conversational Japanese.



Bennett, De Vita love it

One of the consequences of the war was the appearance of the first campus blood drive, sponsored by the *Tomahawk*. In a March 1943 editorial, the paper urged all to participate. "Therefore, no matter where you give your blood, you can rest assured that the Red Cross will use it where it is needed most. Your blood is sorely needed; do not equivocate." 153 students registered as donors in this campaign.

As the war drew to a close, Holy Cross began to return to a more normal schedule. The enrollment, however, had been drastically reduced. The class of 1945, which had entered with 408 students, had graduated only twenty-seven civilians in June 1944.

masthead took up almost one quarter of the front page."

Fox was surprised to find that the Rector, Very Rev. William A. Donaghy, S.J., not only agreed with the alterations in the masthead, but suggested a change in the name as well. Fox had considered changing the name of the paper, in keeping with the traditions of the day, but had felt that oppositions to such a change would be widespread.

Encouraged by Fr. Donaghy's remarks, the

managing board of the paper discussed possible alternatives. "The name *Crusader* was the obvious choice from the start. Nobody really came up with a feasible alternative, although several possibilities, such as the *Javelin*, were discussed" Fox commented.

And so, on January 7, 1955, the last regular edition of the *Tomahawk* was published. It contained an editorial explaining the new name. "The reason for the original choice of names is no longer sound. Do thirty years of tradition form an adequate replacement for the original reason? We think not. The Holy Cross weekly newspaper which used to be known as the *Tomahawk* will now be known as the *Crusader*. It's as simple as that. It will continue, not break, the *Tomahawk* tradition. And what could be more natural than the Holy Cross *Crusader*? What could indeed?

Whether it was the *Tomahawk* or the *Crusader*, the newspaper was a reflection of campus life in the fifties. Fox, a partner in a Boston law firm, recalled the tone of Holy Cross. "In those days discipline was pretty rugged. We had late night permissions only on Saturday and Sunday nights, and we had to be in at 11:00 or 11:30 even then. Fr. McCarthy, the Dean of Discipline, was known to chase people up the streets from the taprooms down the hill. He was in pretty good shape, and sometimes he was known to catch them."

NIT and Adultery

The 1955 *Crusader* featured articles on the debating team, the Mock Trial (Lizzie Borden was found innocent in this student re-enactment of the famous case), and the Lucky Strike Lucky Doodle Contest. The football team lost to B.C., the basketball team went to Madison Square

In one issue, the following letter to the editor appeared:

"Dear Sir,

Ambling down the steps from the D.O. to the caf, I was notified by a hastily made sign that "Christ is locked in the tabernacle. I am organizing a nonviolent demonstration in front of the chapel for 8:45 Sunday morning to demand that he be let out. He might not be there of his own free will."

Listings get the back page

The transition of the school found expression in the form of the paper as well as the content. There were four format changes in ten years, as the paper changed from a tabloid to a broadsheet and back, with several other variations, in an attempt to find the correct format to express the tone of the paper and the school.

The present format of the *Crusader* was developed by J. Spencer Hayman '74 and the staff of the 1973 *Crusader*. Hayman, now working toward an M.B.A., recalled the reasons for the change. "The *Crusader* had traditionally emphasized campus news in the strict sense. I felt that it was at a disadvantage trying to report straight news with an extended printing schedule. Also, there had been a noticeable decline in the volume of news on campus." Thus, more emphasis was placed on depth in news coverage, as well as in reviews and other sections of the features pages.

"It is no longer the gentlemen from Massachusetts, but the ladies from Massachusetts. In our midst today are two of the Navy's WAVES, who answered the call and are now stationed at the Cross. Yeomen third class Mary Tobin and Eleanor Walsh, of Framingham and Roslindale respectively, have made the grade. The whole campus is agog with excitement; it's the talk of the mess hall; besides that, everyone is trying to find out what they look like."

To the Crusaders of 1943, the appearance of some WAVES on campus was a source of no little excitement. Women were not often seen within the borders of the campus. Thirty years later, the college began accepting women students in a transition to coeducation which will soon be completed.

Coeducation has had its effects on the newspaper as well as on the community. For two years, women have been an integral part of the staff. The first woman editor-in-chief was elected last December. It would be impossible to predict the ultimate course that will be taken by the *Crusader* in what is left of the seventies, however. That task is left to the poor joker who decides to write a history of the *Crusader* for the hundredth anniversary issue.



The Crusader

college men seems to be that what the country needs most is a good five-dollar raccoon coat...Headline — One automobile for every 6.6 persons in America. This business of allowing six-tenths of a human being to run an automobile must stop."

Changes in the college and the newspaper closely followed the advent of World War II. In September 1941, the college initiated a Naval ROTC program, and 110 incoming freshmen participated in the new program. Others, meanwhile, had taken more direct action. "While the college was closed over the summer, the student body was not, as far as national defense was concerned. Twenty-one members of Holy Cross have forsaken

John O'Shea had given the *Tomahawk* its name, adapting it from the *Pakachoag Tomahawk*, a publication issued during a drive for building funds. It was chosen in an attempt to identify with the Indian symbolism which was current at Holy Cross in the twenties. By the fifties, however, most of this symbolism had been transformed, largely through the efforts of the newspaper itself in its first two years.

In the second issue of the *Tomahawk*, the following letter appeared:

"To the Editor:

A late issue of the *Boston Herald* carried an article which mentioned the appearance of the *Tomahawk*, and suggested that the present occa-

Memories of an ex-editor

The first Tomahawk appears, circa 1925

Editor's note: In an effort to find more information on the early days of the *Tomahawk*, the *Crusader* contacted John J.M. O'Shea '25, founder of the newspaper. Besides starting the newspaper, O'Shea was also the founder of the Purple Key and assistant business manager of the *Purple*. He is presently a lawyer in New York. To start the interview, O'Shea was asked why he got involved in the formation of a campus weekly.

O'Shea: Well, I thought they needed one — that's the first answer. Of course, there were a number of accompanying reasons as well. I had thought that I might make some money by publishing a paper. It developed that there wasn't any room along those lines, but I was told to go ahead and bring out a newspaper. And that's how it happened.

Crusader: What kind of spirit was there among the students?

O'Shea: We had a lot of solidarity. There was a wonderful spirit in those days. Of course, we had

great baseball teams and darned good football teams. They never won from the big fellows very often, but it was good. My classmate was Carroll — Owen Carroll. There were a lot of other fine athletes too. And good scholars.

Crusader: What were the newspaper schedules like in 1925? How far in advance did you have to plan in order to publish a weekly?

O'Shea: Well, you're going back a long way. How long did it take to get out? Two days. There was a local printer named Harrington, and we used to work in his shop. O'Neil and I would go down with copy and so forth, and lay it out there. We were on time pretty much all the time.

Crusader: Presently the editors are up until the small hours of the morning at least once a week putting the paper together. Did you have any late night deadlines?

O'Shea: Very seldom. We might have been smarter than you fellows, but I doubt it.

Crusader: Are there any special facts or reflec-

tions about the paper which stick out in your mind?

O'Shea: Well, let's see. We made application to join an association of college papers — a good many of them were Ivy League dailies — and we were accepted, much to my surprise. We went down to Princeton to join. I'll always remember, because it was a Friday and they served meat. Of course, those problems are over.

Crusader: About how long did you spend in the planning stages?

O'Shea: Not too long. I think we started in my junior year. We got it underway fairly quickly. I had started the *Purple Key*, which gave me an edge. I had a group of fellows that I could call on for help. It wasn't a one-man operation. Daniel O'Neil, from Pennsylvania, was strong on the business end. He helped a lot. And some of the underclassmen were very active. I also got a lot of help from the Dean on some of the costs. I think we were allowed to charge it on the bill for one of the first semesters, and I think that continued.

Crusader: Have you seen any copies of the newspaper in the past few years?

O'Shea: No, I've seen the *Crossroads*, but I've never seen much of my own. They don't pay much attention to the editors after they get out.

Crusader: How about a few questions on college life in general while you were here.

O'Shea: How was life?

Crusader: Yes. For example, there were many more rules and regulations then than there are now.

O'Shea: Fifty years ago? Yes, there were. They weren't so bad, after you lived through them. There was daily Mass and evening devotions, and a necessity to be there on time. I think you get better grub up there now, don't you?

Crusader: One final question, since this is a long distance call ...

O'Shea: You should have charged this.

Crusader: Well, it will come out of the organization's budget.

O'Shea: Oh! You've got capital, eh?

Crusader: Not much, but it's not my money, so I'm not going to worry about it. You have had a rather successful career in law. I was wondering to what extent you feel that your time at Holy Cross, and specifically your work on the newspaper has benefited you down through the years.

O'Shea: Well, I'll tell you very quickly. After fifty years out, having mingled with other graduates and having seen other institutions, I think that the Cross will rate with any of them. I have had three boys go there, and if I had any more boys, I'd try to get them to go to the Cross, although I don't know if I'd be successful.

As for experiences there, they were good. I got a lot of experience out of the paper, and the *Purple Key*, and other activities. I guess they've changed, but at that time they had the whole burden for carrying things on. There was no interference. I must say that. Nobody butted in, on the paper or otherwise. They were nice guys out there at that time, and they helped out a lot in varied activities. I've done business all over the world you know, and I still look back to it. I look forward to going back and seeing some fellows.

I wish I had some brilliant thoughts to give you. You've asked an important question. What do I think of the place after all these years? I think it's a darned good school.

I always regretted that they changed the name from the *Tomahawk* to the *Crusader*. They lost the name-plate and things like that. It was a good paper. I think it was accepted by the students', by outsiders too.

Preparation for the nuthouse

Deja-vu: a Worcester alumnus remembers changes in school and in newspaper

It was only a few months ago, on one of those cold, damp Worcester nights which begs refuge in the nearest pub, when I found myself rubbing elbows with a classic Old Purple.

He had left College Hill sometime in the 1930's and spent the last 40 years on the fringe of city politics. His conversation only half interested me until he began the inevitable parables of Holy Cross life in his era.

Why, I asked myself, would anyone who didn't plan to spend the rest of his life in a monastery, the military or a nuthouse, go through that four-year experience?

A few nights later, I was in Hogan Campus Center interviewing students for a story on campus attitudes. One coed in particular seemed to have a lot to say. Over a few beers, we talked of the Holy Cross I found as a freshman in 1966 and as she found it seven years later.

"Why," she finally asked, "would anyone who didn't want to spend the rest of his life in a monastery, the military or a nuthouse be attracted to a college experience like that?"

We inhabitants of the Holy Cross scene of 1966-70 can uniquely understand the campus of both the Old Purple and the young coed.

When we arrived, we were but a few months removed from required daily Mass; we had to sign out for weekends; possession of alcohol was grounds for removal from campus; the only females in dorms were chamber maids.

When we left, theology was on the way out as a required course and women were on the way in. Somewhere in the confusion of those four years, we moved the College from point A to point B. With little question, it was the most traumatic period institutionally that Holy Cross ever faced. Although most of us stood by and watched, groping through a maze of bluebooks and trying to solve the mystery of the Mad Bomber of Wheeler IV, Holy Cross was changing around us.

It was not so much that we were the innovators — surely the idea that all men of distinction are neither Irish, nor Catholic, nor white, nor even male did not originate on College Hill — but at least we listened to what was going on beyond Linden Lane. Whereas other generations of Holy Cross students closed their minds, or allowed their minds to be closed to anything but time-honored doctrine, we gave airing to anything new.

Sometimes we jumped too far and too fast. There were those among us who would cling to any handwagon under the banner of "freeing the oppressed third world." Anything the Students for a Democratic Society or Radical Students Union said was right. Anything General Electric, any profit-making organization, anything the school administration said was wrong.

Actually, few people gave any deserved credit to the College hierarchy and faculty, which allowed all of this new thinking to ferment, perhaps as much out of curiosity about where it would lead as out of a powerlessness to do anything about it.

Somewhere amidst all this was the *Crusader*. Every Friday morning, it would appear in mailboxes and although no official survey was ever attempted, a check of trash receptacles on Friday afternoon would have shed a lot of doubt on its impact on student thought.

Not that it was a bad college newspaper. In fact, then as now, its journalistic efforts stood miles above the other student publications in Worcester.

The *Crusader* was a mirror, if not a model, of campus feeling. The majority of students were emotionally, but hardly militantly, anti-war. So

was The *Crusader*. Most students wanted to see the end of required philosophy and theology courses. So did The *Crusader*. Most students saw nothing wrong with raising a can or two of Bud in a dormitory room, even with female companionship, and The *Crusader* shook its editorial head in agreement.

If The *Crusader* had a cause celebre in those years, it was the "reorganization," "re-evaluation" and "de-emphasis" of the athletic program, principally football. Except perhaps for the food in Kimball, it could not have chosen a more defenseless target.

Ours was not a time of athletic prowess. Holy Cross sports teams were dogged by bad luck. What else could you call the hepatitis outbreak that wiped out the 1969 football season? What else could you call a plague of incompetents in the athletic department? Or "forgetting" to submit the qualifications of the best miler in the College's history to a national championship meet?

But the majority of students cared as little about the various sports records as they did about the crop of social concerns which had infiltrated the campus. The overriding concern of most students was (is? always has been?) the advancement of self.

High school counselors, campus salesmen,

touted the College as a gold-paved path to graduate school. So, many came and labored up that path for four years, looking neither right nor left. The College asked no more from us than \$3 000 a year and the correct answer on bluebooks. And between the demands of our own academic and social lives, most of us gave no more.

There's no simple way to end a recollection of four years spent on College Hill as a student and *Crusader* writer. Probably what comes quickest to mind as a 26-year-old will not be remembered in 20 or 40 years.

The Holy Cross most vivid now, the one that seems to come through these wandering thoughts, is a place of incredible potential. Not that there wasn't a great deal when we arrived or so much more when we left. But, living in the Worcester area the past few years and meeting old grads and today's students as a reporter for the *Worcester Telegram* has given me a clue to a yet brighter future for the College, a future built on the best recollections of the Old Purple, the turmoil of our years and the look of the current *Crusaders*.

— by Gary E. Swan '70

Gary E. Swan, '70, has served as a general assignment and education reporter for The Worcester Telegram and currently is on the newspaper's sports staff.

Nolan remembers "Wild Bill"

Reflecting on the editor's suggestion that this column should "relate to experiences while working on The *Crusader*," I have concluded that one's most memorable experiences are those that somehow never found their way into print.

Like All-America fullback Bill Osmanski's brief venture into the greeting card business. Or football captain Jack Kellar's commendable exercise in crowd control.

The Osmanski incident was in full swing when I returned to my room in O'Kane one night just before Christmas. Bill, his face uncharacteristically flushed, was deep in conversation with my roommate.

"Are you telling me," said Bill, "that you're not going to take the three boxes of Christmas cards you ordered? Is that what you're trying to say?"

"Well," replied my roommate with a nonchalance remarkably unsuited to the occasion, "that's the general idea. You see, I thought they'd be an attractive shade of green, and instead they're a garish red. I just don't like them."

"Don't go away," said Bill with the kind of menacing glance that was later to strike fear into opponents of the Chicago Bears' formidable Monsters of the Midway. "I've got to consult my business partner on this one."

The "business partner" turned out to be Joe Delaney, an All-East tackle who was listed in the program at 6'4" and 250 — but looked bigger as he stooped slightly to get through the door. He was blunt and to the point.

"Bill, here, tells me you refuse to pay for the cards," Joe told my roommate.

Anticipating a massive scrimmage, I looked for a way out, but the room seemed narrower than usual. Bill was flexing his hands like a dentist impatient to deal with an intractable molar.

"Well," said Joe, "that's okay with me because I have a fellow across the hall who claims he ordered six boxes and I delivered only three. So



Joseph Nolan, class of '42.

you've helped me out of an embarrassing spot. Thanks a lot, fellow!"

The Kellar incident took place in broad daylight in front of the dining hall. With characteristic collegiate exuberance, I had written a column on what struck me as the ineptitude of the football linemen during a losing encounter.

"The guards and tackles were mousetrapped so often," I wrote, "as to encourage the suspicion that the visitors were dispensing freshly-made cheese in their backfield."

At luncheon, friends leaned over with whispered warnings: "Kellar and the boys will be waiting for you outside right after grace!"

The meal over, I walked slowly toward the dining room door, trying to maintain a casual conversation with others from the table. But they kept dropping off, one by one, with excuses about

"picking up some mail" or "seeing the Dean about a Saturday night permission."

Once outside, I found myself looking up at a dozen angry football players. Captain Kellar, a beetle-browed giant of a lineman, was their spokesman.

"Not a very flattering column you wrote the other day," he began. "Some of the boys are a little upset."

A chorus of "yah ... yah ... yah" went up, like a Southern congregation's passionate response to a preacher's stirring sermon.

"Do you know what a mousetrap play is?" Jack resumed. On Saturday, he had sustained a gash on his upper lip that seemed to twitch as he struggled for both self-control and crowd-control.

When I defined a mousetrap, they had other queries designed to test my "expert knowledge," if any. It soon became evident that several of the players were itching for a "little contact sport," as one of them put it, but Jack waved them off.

I thought of Ernest Thayer's lines: "With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone; He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on."

Kellar spoke up again: "We're working like hell to win games, and we sure could use a little more support from the newspaper."

With that he struck out his hand to shake. We did. The other players, obviously disappointed, trudged off. And I headed for the Chapel to say thanks!

— by Joseph T. Nolan, '42

Dr. Nolan, sports columnist for The Tomahawk (1938-42), was a writer and editor for United Press International and The New York Times, and public relations director of The Chase Manhattan Bank. He is now a professor of journalism and public affairs at the University of South Carolina.

it was certainly read

Father Brooks discusses the campus media

Crusader: The first question I'd like to ask you is just to feel you out on the question of campus journalism as a whole. How important do you think a weekly newspaper should be on a university campus?

Brooks: Well, I think it could, and probably should be extremely important. I think it should be a very important feature of campus life, probably from two points of view. First of all from the personal development of students, it can be extremely important, particularly when we have the time for a felt need of opportunities for students to develop and define writing skills, and when we have the need for students to develop the ability to communicate with clarity and precision. I think the paper, looked at from this point of view, does afford those who wish to work at it an ample opportunity to develop these talents. If one is going to learn to write effectively, and write with clarity and precision, you're going to have to put it down on paper and have it evaluated and organized by someone.

But I think there's a second important factor also. From the point of view of the community, and not just the student, the paper serves, or can serve, an extremely important facet of campus life. For example, I think the paper has the potential to communicate effectively to students and faculty a broad-based vision of what's going on on campus. By reason of our particular tasks, we are confined, restricted really, in our knowledge of what's going on. You know more readily than I do what's going on in the cafeteria or the residence hall, for example. I know more acutely, or with greater thoroughness what's going on in this office or the dean's office, and so forth. Any department tends to become constrained, confined really, in terms of knowledge to its own activity. But the paper does definitely serve the purpose of introducing everyone to a broad perspective of college life.

Crusader: You can look at the *Crusader* from several points of view, for instance, that of a student. Now would you like to comment on how well the *Crusader* was received while you were a student?

Brooks: That's going back a long way. That would really be stretching the imagination, the memory, to reply with any degree of objectivity. My general recollection is that it was certainly read. I don't know why, but it was read, anyway.

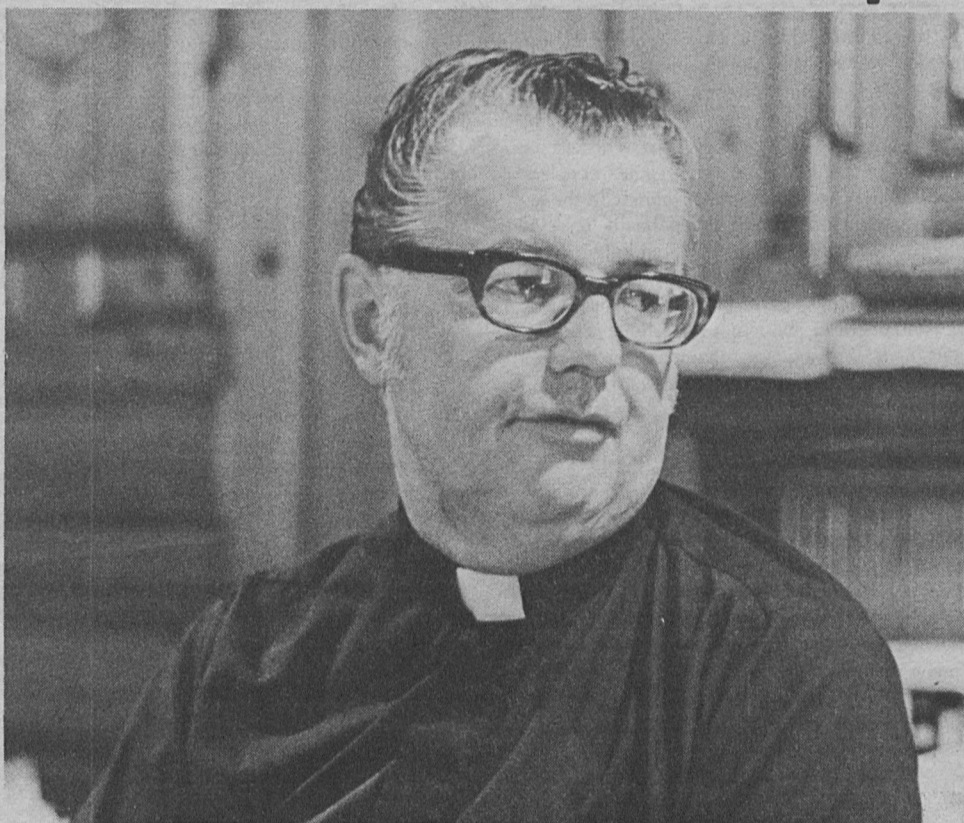
Crusader: Now, as an alumnus, what image do you feel the alumni receive of the College when reading the *Crusader*?

Brooks: I'm not sure there are many alumni subscribers, outside of class chairmen, etc. All I can do here is speak from experience, from what I hear. I don't hear frequently from alumni about the paper. I've always felt or believed that was due to the fact that not many alumni were familiar with the paper. I may be wrong in that judgment, I don't know, but occasionally I do hear from an alumnus about something which was read in the paper.

Even if the alumni were to read the paper on a regular basis, I suspect that the issues discussed in the paper are probably too introspective for the alumni body at large to have a wide interest in it. For the most part we're talking about issues on campus, issues that really don't have a general interest for those apart from the campus. They're either too strange too them, they simply don't understand or the issues aren't touching the roots of their life in some way. So, they might well read the paper, and see the paper as us looking at ourselves, rather than communicating broadly to them what is going on. That's judgment, I may be wrong.

Crusader: I have just been skimming through some past editorials, and it struck me as really remarkable how the College and the tone of *Crusader* journalism have changed. Do you have any feelings on how it changed, from your student years through your years here as President?

Brooks: I'm sure that it has changed. I don't



Rev. John E. Brooks, S.J., President of the College in a recent interview with *The Crusader*.

think that the magnitude of the change that has occurred on campus comes to me initially through the *Crusader* so it's a little bit difficult to answer in terms of that. But I'm sure that the *Crusader* reflects the vast changes that have occurred. Since the *Crusader* is reflecting in general the student life and student thought and so forth, it necessarily reflects the changes. But the changes have come to my attention by living through them and being a part of them. I'm not saying that I'm not aware of changes being reflected in the *Crusader*, but I'd be hard pressed to tell you what the newspaper was like twenty-five years ago. I don't even know what the editorial policy was back then

While we're all aware of these changes, they reflect changes in the student populations as a whole, on a national level. I suspect that every college newspaper in the country reflects those same changes.

Crusader: Then you would say that this shift is on a national level, away from the old alma mater editorial?

Brooks: I would say that you would find, without having any personal acquaintance or awareness with newspapers at other colleges, a close parallel between what has happened with the *Crusader* and what is going on in almost any campus newspaper, over the past twenty-five or thirty years.

Crusader: How great would you estimate the influence of the *Crusader* to be upon Holy Cross as far as the faculty and administration are concerned? Is it well-read, do people form opinions about material covered in it?

Brooks: What I have to say is really opinion, since I don't have any hard facts to back it up, as to how well-read it is. I suspect you have far better information on that than I do. It depends upon what one means by "influence." I guess. Influence seems to imply, or can imply, changes in thought patterns or some movement toward developing policy; I'm not saying that it should, either. I think *Crusader* reflects what has already occurred — I guess we just said this a moment ago — rather than causes change. I don't think it really develops policy; I'm not saying that it should, either. I think we can say that it's certainly read by faculty and administrators. I hesitate to put any numbers on that, but I would say that in general most people

betray the fact that they are familiar with it, and it's read, as an expression. I think there are many faculty and administrators who read the *Crusader* with regularity and believe that it reflects broad-based student opinion. It is seen as reflecting possibly only a segment of the campus community. On particular issues, of course, it does reflect broad-based campus support, but not always, I don't think so. I'm not condemning this, maybe it's the nature of a paper, to reflect only a segment, or at least it always runs the risk of reflecting the thought of a segment. But at the same time, even in doing that, it does promote understanding. So, for all the limitations that we might attribute to the *Crusader* I think we might say it does tend to promote some understanding.

Crusader: Judging from reaction I've had from students involved in other campus media, and from students outside these organizations, I believe a number of people seem to think that the existence of several different media on campus inevitably leads to competition. Do you see how a variety of media on campus could serve a purpose and not be placed in competition?

Brooks: Yes, I think that a variety of media can and should serve the campus. I think the first thing which everyone should do is determine the goals of its particular activity. I mean, the paper has to define its purpose as opposed to the radio station and TODAY. Let's stick first with TODAY. With the *Crusader* coming out only once a week, and only over intermittent periods also, I think you have to realize the news probably will be picked up and should be picked up by the radio and TODAY. I feel fairly strongly about TODAY from a student's point of view. It seems to me that I've had a number of students who say to me that TODAY serves a real purpose. Well, if that's their understanding of it and appreciation of it, then I think we have to accept that. But certainly, the purpose of TODAY, namely to get news out fast and to promulgate it across the campus quickly, is quite different from what the *Crusader* is. On the other hand, the *Crusader* has opportunities, by reasons of its being a weekly, to

expose the campus to a very diversified pool of knowledge. There are many things the *Crusader* can deal with that TODAY simply cannot get near, by reason of the nature of the paper. ...

It seems to me that conflict with the radio station comes in the area of news; they want the news first, but then again everybody does. Maybe there's a built-in antipathy there of some kind, a built-in competition, I guess. But you have it downtown, between the morning paper and the evening paper, the TV station and the radio station. Suppose we have a story here that we want to release. Every time we have a major story, we have to sit down and resolve as best we can who is going to get that story first. Someone has to get it first for publication. You're always contending with the knowledge of this competition, trying to resolve it as best you can and be fair to all parties. The situation of the *Crusader* and the radio station is somewhat analogous to that of the local media downtown.

Crusader: There seems to have been a drying up of news on campus. For example, the story on the core curriculum concerns itself with an ongoing debate, but it isn't strictly news. Looking over old *Crusaders*, one notes that the issues that had been covered were student strikes, open campus debates, and now that's all settled.

Brooks: I think there are educational issues that should be covered. It seems to me that every office has certain issues that are important to it You should be developing some kind of understanding of educational problems, whether they be internal or on a broader basis. Things probably have never been so exciting from education's point of view. A lot of them are real financial problems. There's a whole question of tuitions, not just what Holy Cross is doing, but there's the whole question of financing higher education. There's the relationship of private schools and the state or federal government, or even the necessity of private education. Whether or not you think it is necessary, it certainly is an issue. There's the value of higher education and what it contributes to society. There are substantial moral issues being discussed today. There are cultural things on which articles can be developed ... you say, well, how much appeal do those things have? Maybe they don't have as much appeal as burning a building, I don't know whether they do or not, but they're a heck of a lot more important.

Crusader: Yes, there is that problem with running a newspaper on this campus. There is a very close student-faculty relationship, and you want the faculty to take an interest in and read the newspaper, but at the same time, you have to remember that it is a student newspaper.

Brooks: Yes, it is a student newspaper, but you also have the obligation, at least the opportunity — and I believe you have an obligation — of raising the sights of the students. You don't always want to go to the student, you want to raise the student up to you. I'm somewhat conscious of the fact that some things have been added to the paper in terms of music reviews. Maybe they were there before, but I've just become more conscious of them. I think these are good things. I know there were always film reviews, maybe it's the layout or something in recent weeks, but it seems to have struck me, and I think in a good way. These are good things to single out and to raise the sights of the students. See, I think if you slide to the students' level all the time, the students are going to take the path of least resistance. It's like teaching, you won't get anything if you don't demand anything. It's human nature, there's no secret in that. If you make demands, especially here, they'll come along. But you've got to dangle some carrot out there for them and bring them along. They're capable.

Subscriptions and ads

The *Crusader* is currently financed by the students through the Student Activities Fee. However, since every other student organization is funded by the same means, the *Crusader* relies on advertising and subscription revenue to defray a sizable portion of its printing costs. In recent months, advertising and circulation revenue has dropped, while the *Crusader* has been publishing longer issues on a regular basis. Thus, we ask all alumni, first, to consider subscribing to the newspaper if they are at all interested in keeping up with events as viewed from the student's angle. In past weeks, curriculum changes and innovations have been thoroughly examined; reaction to tenure decisions by the campus segment most affected by them — namely, the students — were reported; the controversy revolving around the signing of Donald Segretti for a speaking engagement received prominent attention. For only \$5.00, an alumnus/alumna can keep up with changes in student sentiment and strengthen his/her ties with Holy Cross by keeping up with its single largest component — the students.

Secondly, we would ask especially local businesspeople to advertise in the *Crusader*. Inquire anytime about our low advertising rates, and help us out while stimulating some business from the college market.

Many schools in the Springfield-to-Boston area receive the *Crusader*; by advertising in this paper, you will reach far greater numbers than the 2500 registered 'Saders. So, show your support for the Alma Mater by promoting the publication of the campus weekly. Send all inquiries to PO 32a Holy Cross College, Worcester Mass., 01610 for prompt consideration. And thank you for your past support!

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ITALIAN LINE



Spirit shifts from "college city" to criticism

by Joan Sinopoli, '76

Looking back on old editorial pages, it becomes evident that Holy Cross remained nearly unchanged until the mid-sixties — somewhat right of center, loyal to the Alma Mater, tongue-in-cheek, and, above all, Catholic. For instance, the first editorial, entitled rather dramatically "A City on a Hill Cannot Be Hid," begins:

"Commensurate with the dawning of a new era in the history of a Greater Holy Cross is the arrival and founding of a Weekly Newspaper. The College on the Hill has so grown that you might now identify her as the College City of Mount St. James. Thousands proudly claim her as their Alma Mater, while her admirers and true friends are limitless. Cleaving time and distance, it shall be the *Tomahawk's* endeavor to unite these hosts while blazing the path into the future." (February 17, 1925).

Other goodies from volume I, number 1, page 2 include a subscription blank for \$1.25 (to think, readers, that the "rag", as it is now called, comes to you each week whether you like it or not); and an alumni notes column: "Visited college on Sunday: J.C. Sweeney, '22, Frederick Keane, '22 and Joseph Mullins, '23. Joe is out in Toledo, Ohio." Last, but certainly not least is *Crossings*, a weekly 'pun' column: for example, "Jack Dempsey has married Estelle Taylor and we presume he is now a Taylor-made man."

Ten years later, the editorial content reflects a rather sad situation which existed across America as a whole — an isolationism, or at least a selfish concern with only immediate significance. For example, the editorial on February 19, 1935, states:

"Coming as it does at a time when American reaction to the Mexican situation beginning to take concrete form, the recent article in *Collier's Magazine* reviewing the accomplishments of the present governor of Tobasco is sure to attract the attention of that magazine's wide circle of readers. As Catholics, we take a special interest in the article, inasmuch as it will undoubtedly serve to bring to the notice of the American public an attitude towards the Church that is typical of despots within the boundaries of our Southern neighbor. ... The American public not only should not condone their own ambassador's stamp of approval upon the actions of these God-haters, but should give vent to a strong protest that a suppressed people cannot voice."

Ironically, these moral *Tomahawk* editors, like the rest of America, dismissed as "journalistic bias" and "propaganda", "the attempts of a militaristic group to Aryanize Germany" in an editorial the week before. After all, these "propagandists" were selfishly and personally motivated. For American Catholics, the Mexican situation represented "the most horrible and continuous persecution any religious group has undergone." Years later, the Jews would have a much more valid claim; but at the moment, no one in America wanted to know about it.

The new editorial page included a *Pillar to Post* column on Beau Nash, an eighteenth-century dandy frequenting the English resort of Bath, who had charm, wit, personality, and good luck at gambling. Was that perhaps a model for the Holy

Cross man? The *Intercollegiate Hour* covered national college news. Note: "The average cost of attending college for one year is about \$600. The lowest tuition rates prevail in Brooklyn College, CCNY and Hunter. At each of these institutions, one dollar a year is the fee."

Back in the days when God and Country were still synonymous — February 16, 1944, to be exact — six out of twelve editors were navy men, four enlisted in NROTC. There was even a Naval News Editor added to the staff box. This farewell editorial, printed just prior to March graduation, is entitled, "Just a Little Luck":

"As another term draws to a close congratulations are in order to the departing members of the senior class of the ROTC, who represent the first group to complete their entire training for Naval Officership at Holy Cross. Fully accredited as Bachelors of Arts and Sciences, they are likewise fully equipped for their new positions as Ensigns, United States Naval Reserve.

Entering as the last peacetime class before the outbreak of December 7, 1941, they were part of the largest entering class in the history of their future Alma Mater. They have since dwindled to what is probably one of the smallest groups to complete the degree requirements ... All they need is a little luck. And that is our parting wish to them."

The rest of the editorial page is not nearly so serious in tone. *Off the Base*, a ROTC column, contained local gossip and "punny" stories, in-

cluding the following definition attributed an "eminent" psychologist: "Woman — a rag, a bone and a hank of hair." The girls of Regis College replied: "Man — a brag, a groan and a tank of air." The games have not changed much over the past thirty years, have they?

A *Library News* column in the same issue explained where the card catalog was located and how to use it. For instance, the column noted that *The Song of Bernadette* is located under "S" in the title catalog. A *Campus Opinions* column served as sort of a "roving reporter" forum on burning campus issues of the day. This particular issue asked the question: "Should varsity athletics be discontinued during war time?" Needless to say, the answer was a unanimous "no."

The *Tomahawk* became the *Crusader* officially in January, 1955, but editorial content was still strikingly similar to that of past years. "Sixty Months of Action," the February 17th editorial, begins as follows:

"Sixty months of action that would make Superman stand back with awe — this is the record of Bishop John J. Wright, D.D. A mere five years, and yet in that short period the Worcester diocese, through the remarkable efforts and energy of its spiritual leader, has grown into one of the leading centers of Catholicism, Catholic Action, and devotion to our Lady in America."

However, the fifties left its stamp on the college and on the *Crusader*. The fledgling radio station, WCHC (for some reason, it was 645 at that time), grew up as transistors began to attach themselves to every teen-age ear. *Kimball's Juke Box* picked the top fifty of the week, including "Crazy Otto" by Johnny Maddox; "Till My Love Comes to Me" by Doris Day; "Shanty in Old Stanty Town" by Johnny Long; "Blue Mirage" by Guy Lombardo; and "Sincerely" by the McGuire Sisters. The *Crusader* pick of the week was designated as "Mambo Rock" by Bill Haley (you all remember the guy with the spicurl on his forehead).

But the budding rock revolution did not dominate WCHC airwaves. Progressive jazz, Handel's "Israel and Egypt" and "Old Gold Dream Date" appeared on the editorial page program. Charlie Baker would have been in his glory if he ran Kimball Cinema in those days. Right next to the editorial, a sneak preview of the weekend's film appeared. *Athena*, starring Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds and Vic Damone, portrayed the old, cold, dull lawyer engaged to the society girl. Naturally, he is totally and irreconcilably smitten by a health-food freak from sunny California (yes, that's right — Granola a la fifties).

Finally, there was a *Crossbars* column, filled with campy college humor. Back when it was all right to joke about the Arabs, the junior class staged a spoof where a sheik and his camel brigade returned to their old hometown — Worcester. Even back then, Sadlers expressed some dissatisfaction with this booming metropolis. The column read, "While the Arab leader was speaking about his beloved Worcester (now they're blaming it on Arabia) he boasted, 'It is a great place, really! But there is one thing we need around here ... a detour!'"

The whole scene changes drastically in the early sixties, moving away from editorials supporting the "poor, maligned Nazis" in the early forties, or taking Franco's side in the Spanish civil war (I guess, if you have to have a dictator, he may as well be Catholic). Now, *Crusader* politics begin swinging to the left ever so slightly. And the "Old Purple" editorial falls by the wayside, in favor of somewhat more critical views of the administration.

Two cases in point are the editorials sitting on page two of the February 19, 1965 edition. The first paragraph of "From Saigon to Geneva" reads:

"The question in Vietnam: where do we go from here? The answer, increasingly clear: we go straight to the conference tables of Geneva. United States policy in South Viet Nam has been an egregious failure. Our 'advisors' are falling in combat every day; we have helped the Soviets and Chinese to restore some community of purpose; the South Vietnamese government has little support for its own people; no one sees any real possibility of winning the guerilla war; and American prestige is suffering badly under a barrage of protests from the governments and citizens of Communist, neutral and friendly nations alike."

This may not sound terribly radical to a campus now enjoying twenty-four hour visitation rights; freedom of speech (both for campus residents and invited speakers), and a core-free curriculum, among other conveniences of the post-1968 period. But these were students still required to check-in at daily Mass; still overwhelmed with philosophy and theology requirements; still argu-

(continued on page 9)

The metamorphosis of Crusader ads: double-entendres fall by the wayside

by Larry Rutkowski, '75

One of the most distinctive facets of twentieth century American society is its commercialism. Even more unique than America's commercialism, though, is the way it is displayed. Anyone who watches television is well aware of the fact that advertising material as displayed in commercials can be downright ludicrous.

Indeed, many people wonder how some commercials make it to prime time when (ostensibly) their content has been judiciously examined for merit. Slogans and jingles which often appear to be the worst offenders of taste and style are often the most successful in terms of increasing sales. There must be a reason for all of this; in fact, there are probably many. However, one of the most interesting hypotheses yet put forward is as follows: despite what advertisements often appear to be, they are usually directly reflective of the culture or society at which they are aimed.

According to this theory, the consumer, consciously or unconsciously identifying with a particular advertisement, willingly purchases the product represented. Certainly, other hypotheses may be equally valid (including the "annoyance" hypothesis); but, either way, the former approach may lead to a number of interesting conclusions.

Now, assuming for the moment this thesis to be true, advertising trends may be good indicators of a changing population—or a stable one. Hence, seeing that the *Crusader/Tomahawk* has now been publishing for fifty years, it may be possible to discover changes in the nature of the Holy Cross student body over this period by a means other than potentially misleading "factual" articles. Yet, even if this is not the case, the ads in and of themselves are very interesting.

Absurdity and the standard of living

The issues of the *Crusader* over the years have never had anything quite as absurd as one issue of *Newsweek*: when opened, it showed a starving American child facing a Chivas Regal Scotch solicitation which proclaimed "It may raise your cost of living a little, but it will raise your standard of living a lot." Nonetheless, some examples are noteworthy.

Indeed, the ads in the Holy Cross student newspaper have been interesting because at first glance they reflect changes in society as a whole, while at second glance they indicate a constancy of life and a similarity of attitudes and lifestyles on the part of students past and present.

Those ads which in perspective reflect the changing world are those such as the Pratt Coal Company notice which decorated the very first issue. Pratt's claim was that its coal "Solves the Burning Question." As much as we all are still perplexed by burning questions, the closest ad to that one in the most recent *Crusader* would be the one for *The Towering Inferno*. Even that is stretching the connection a little (a lot?).

Another classified merely indicative of the time was the Checker Cab Company offer to give a ride to five persons within Worcester for seventy cents.

(It must have been nice to live in prosperous 1925; even a cab to the airport (?) would have been cheap.) And then, of course, the big student club which made itself known through the *Tomahawk* was the Bancroft, not the Steeple.

However, through all this the stability of Holy Cross is evident. Although, for many a year the consumption of alcohol within the confines of the dormitories was not exactly encouraged by the Jesuit Hall proctors and we cannot expect beer advertisements throughout the pages of a student publication, there were many ads for clubs other than the Bancroft. And it wasn't all that long before beer placards did find their way into the *Crusader*.

In the October 7, 1954 issue of the *Tomahawk*, more than twenty years ago, a prominent Budweiser ad maintained that "When you know your beer, it's bound to be Bud," while on the facing page a Schaeffer ad mused:

A pretty young lady named Joan
Got tired of being alone.
So she thought once or twice,
Put some Schaeffer on ice,
And now she can't quiet the phone.

It's nice to know where we place our priorities.

Trends in advertising do however reflect some changes in lifestyle. Many clothing ads appeared in early issues of the *Tomahawk*. Whereas in the war-torn years of 1941 and 1942 the *Tomahawk* displayed solicitations which stated "Men! You're Smart in 'Arrow' Shirts and Ties," the clothing ads of the war torn years of 1971 and 1972 were akin to Mr. Slack's ad proclaiming, "We've got more Jeans than you've got excuses for cuts". Indeed, although as late as 1965 Swingline stapler ads were popular, BSR turntable ads are more common today.

Often trends in advertising merely reflect the realities of the market. For instance, it is no longer profitable for cigarette companies to place half-page ads in college newspapers announcing, "It's what's up front that counts." Especially since this is something of which everyone is acutely aware.

Also, there is no longer the need for Tufts Dental School or Duke Medical School to repeat their 1937 ads announcing openings in their entering classes. And, Northeastern Law School is not about to rerun its 1948 advertisement of the same.

From bombers to protractors

The *Crusader* still contains Reserve Officer Training Corps ads. It never really abandoned them completely, even during the tumultuous years of the Vietnam War. However, the nature of the ads has changed. The last page of the May 5, 1942, *Crusader* did not carry sports. Indeed, it boasted a full page advertisement announcing "Now—For College Men—A New Officers' Training Plan". This plan which included deferred enlistment was the forerunner of present day ROTC. This ad is interesting in light of pre-

sent day ROTC ads. The announcement is headed by the picture of a "Flying Fortress" poised for attack on some unsuspecting hamlet. Of course, the times were different, a real foe was at hand, and antiwar feelings were not popular. Yet, after looking at post-Vietnam ads which sport casually dressed servicemen as engineers, students, and athletes, we see that the contrast is amazing. Gone are the ads for bombardiers and programs in armaments. Gone are the blockbuster lines such as, "If you want to fight for America, this is where your blows will count."

Pre-Hogan Campus Center issues were sometimes providers of interesting solicitations for indoor games, that is, the kind of indoor games the campus center now provides. In the early sixties, Elite Billiards boasted that it was not "... a pastel-colored plastic palace trying to do business at exaggerated prices. Rather it is a neat, clean, comfortable room with mahogany tables (and green cloths)." If the advertisement was successful for them, maybe the games of Hogan should advertise in the *Crusader*.

Taboos which satisfy

All in all, however, whether they tell anything or not, the most eye-catching notices must be the cigarette ones. Without fail, one can expect to find that the ads contain a picture of a man and woman engaged in what appears to be game playing of the sort which goes on every weekend at Holy Cross. But even better are the lines which accompany the pictures. In 1932, Lucky Strikes showed a man and woman apparently entranced with each other preparing for "A Frank Discussion at last on a subject that has long been 'taboo': Do you inhale? "But Chesterfield was out to top that when in 1933 a similar picture was accompanied by the claim "They satisfy all you could ask for." Both Madison Avenue firms which handled these ads were masters of the double-entendre, or naivete were representative of the calm before the storm of the sexual revolution.

Thus, considering these seeming ambiguities, we should probably forego discussion of the 1954 Western Union ad which showed a college age girl pondering the question "How do you pep up a team on the road?"

Maybe things haven't changed all that much. Maybe these ads tell us absolutely nothing. Maybe they might tell us that, for all the alterations of appearance American society undergoes, it never really changes (at least not its college students.)

Advertisements are a unique part of American culture and they are probably here to stay. Retrospectively, their value is even greater than that apportioned to the advertiser. And if, indeed, ads in the *Crusader* do tell a story beyond their primary purpose, maybe you should subscribe ... or advertise. Write *the Crusader*, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts, 01610.

And so it goes.

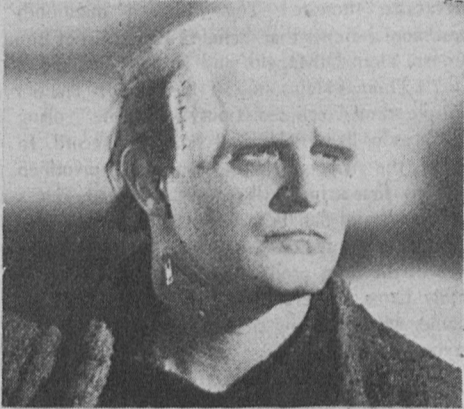
Tom O'Brien reviews Brooks

'Young Frankenstein' a vanishing comic breed

Directed by Mel Brooks. Story and screenplay by Brooks and Gene Wilder. Based on characters created by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. Cinematography by Gerald Hirschfeld. Music by John Morris.

Freddie Frankenstein Gene Wilder
The Monster Peter Boyle
Igor Marty Feldman
Elizabeth Madeline Kahn
Frau Blucher Cloris Leachman
Inga Teri Garr
Inspector Kemp Kenneth Mars
The Blind Man Gene Hackman

When *The Crusader* first reared its masthead some fifty years ago, the art of the silent film was rising to its peak. By 1925, in fact, such enduring



Peter Boyle as the Monster Freddie Frankenstein creates.

international masterpieces as *Battleship Potemkin* and *The Cabinet Of Dr. Caligari* had already demonstrated the artistic capabilities of film to the world.

In America, the greatest artistic developments of that year were being made by Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton as each began work on a masterpiece: Chaplin's *The Gold Rush* and Keaton's *Seven Chances*. Indeed, 1925 was a seminal year in what has wearily become known as "The Golden Age of Comedy", the likes of which we have certainly never seen since that era. Why has America never produced such good comedies since?

Part of the reason for this dearth is, of course, the fact that no comic artist of the stature of Chaplin or Keaton has since emerged. But that's too easy an answer. A more penetrating question might be why so few artists have chosen to express themselves in the comedic mode.

Walk This Way

Part of the answer might be that an unfair but undeniable prejudice has formed in the minds of some critics (and, to a lesser extent, the public) that the artistic forms of comedy are somehow less noble than those of drama — that comedy development is little more than reworkings of the same old jokes.

Yet, like drama, film comedy has always been responsive to trends and artistic movements and has passed through almost as many phases — from slapstick in the '20's to the screwball comedies of the '30's to the social comedies of the '40's.

But, by the 1950's, comedies began disappearing from movie screens and reappearing on television. Slapstick became bastardized by Saturday morning cartoons while screwball and social comedies were reworked into the familiar situation comedy. And just as comedy began moving to television, so did much of its audience, leaving movie comedy without a new direction.

While movie comedy has been floundering ever since, laughs, of course, have not been absent from the screen. That strange hybrid, the comedy drama form (*M*A*S*H*, *American Graffiti*, for example), has certainly made significant advances and today humor still plays an important part in many of this year's finest American films *Busting*, *California Split*, *The Taking Of Pelham One Two Three*. But the ranks of filmmakers seriously concerned with the development of screen comedy has sadly diminished to only two — Woody Allen and Mel Brooks.

What Knockers

Defying any descriptive catch-phrases, the Allen/Brooks schools of humor would seem, at face value, to be very similar in form. Both rely upon their Jewish background for much of their material, both utilize rapid-fire gags rather than elaborate comic set-ups, and both have the reputation of doing anything for a laugh. But the similarities end there.

Allen (who, unlike Brooks, writes for himself rather than other actors) has established a self-deprecating persona — he can't make it in the world or in bed — whose foibles and fumbles are universal but interior. Brooks, on the other hand, lashes out at the inanities of others, creating crazy worlds outside of his (or our own experience). Allen uses verbal wit; Brooks tells dirty jokes. Allen, the highbrow, Brooks, the lowbrow.

For some time, it seemed that the highbrow had the critical upper hand. From 1965-72, Allen created four remarkable comedies, topped by *Bananas*, perhaps the sole certifiable comic

masterpiece of the 1970's. But with his fifth film, *Sleeper*, Allen's original wit began to grow a bit stale as he lifted more than a few situations from his earlier films. Still, Allen has forged a distinguished record.

What Should We Throw In Next?

Brooks' films, on the other hand, are far more uneven in quality than Allen's. His two best known works, *The Producers* and *Blazing Saddles*, for example, take the rapid-fire-joke approach to comedy, reaching heights of comic intensity only to burn themselves out of their conclusions. Indeed, such an uneven track record only heightens the extraordinary surprises of Brooks' new film, *Young Frankenstein*.

If *Young Frankenstein* is not the best American film of the year, it is mighty close to the top. And, perhaps most surprisingly, it reveals a Mel Brooks who is intelligent, caring, and funny at the same time.

To the inevitable question of whether *Young Frankenstein* is funnier than *Blazing Saddles*, the answer would be a definite "no". Yet, paradoxically, it is by far the better film for two important, if unusual, reasons: (1) the sincerity of Brooks' devotion to the horror film, and (2) the sincerity of his devotion to his characters.

To be sure, a director's love of movies usually has little bearing on the quality of his film, but for Brooks it is all the difference, for it allows his comedy to transcend the banality of most television skits. His use of black-and-white, the original Frankenstein sets, and overly-orchestrated music manages to evoke a haunting sense of the romantic past without losing its laughs. Instead of laughing at old horror films, we are laughing helplessly within them.

Brooks' eye for detail likewise extends to his characterization. While Brooks' strength has never lain in depicting complex relationships, here he invests most of his characters with a sensitivity and tenderness missing from his earlier films. Again, these tender moments are brief (a few words here, a glance there) and may not even be initially noticeable amid the insanity, but they do provide the film with the moral backbone common to all great comedies.

Blucher

Brooks, of course, cannot take full credit for these moods, for he has been fortunate in assembl-

ing an unlikely but remarkable group of dramatic and comic actors. In his third teaming with Brooks, Gene Wilder (who also co-authored the script) has refined his hysteria to an art. His hilarious development from serene academic to raving maniac is exquisitely complimented by a beautifully understated performance from Peter Boyle, who interprets the monster's dumb-foundedness with intelligence and more than a touch of humor.

Madeline Kahn, who has perhaps become our funniest screen actress, offers yet another flawless performance. There is not a false move, not one careless voice inflection in her Elizabeth; her comic sense is impeccable. This quartet of superior players is completed by Gene Hackman, whose cameo scene as the blind man is the masterpiece within the masterpiece. Within his five-minute sequence with Boyle, Hackman encapsulates both the tenderness and outrageousness of all of *Young Frankenstein* into a single comic gem.

This is not to slight the considerable comic contributions of Cloris Leachman (whose menacing Frau Blucher provides the film's best running gag) and Teri Garr, who is adorable as the doctor's buxom assistant. Nor can one ignore Marty Feldman (or his portable hump) as Igor. Feldman's role is clearly written to steal the film, and Feldman plays it precisely that way, with outrageous mugging to the camera that wears a bit thin by second viewing. But he does get those laughs and has the funniest face of anyone currently working in movies.

The only serious acting blemish is Kenneth Mars' Inspector Kemp. Variations on Dr. Strangelove have by now been pummeled to death and Mars offers little that's new. Moreover, Brooks errs in lifting the "What'd he say?" gag from *Blazing Saddles* and inserting it almost verbatim here.

Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life

That so much space has been devoted to the performances not only points out their very high quality but also obscures the fact that so far you haven't been given a single gag. And you won't. Oh, you're mad now, but when the picture opens you'll thank me for it because the lines are so good you'll hear them everywhere. So be prepared.

The fact that *Young Frankenstein* is such a surprise after *The Producers* and *Blazing*

Saddles should in no way alarm admirers of the earlier films. *Young Frankenstein* still has the glorious Brooks feel for bad taste and the delicate touch of the raunchy.

Likewise, Brooks once again utilizes the stage as the arena for the greatest human absurdity. Just as *The Producers'* "Springtime For Hitler" and



Gene Wilder, as Dr. Frankenstein, hard at work on his creation.

Blazing Saddles' Dietrich send-up captured the loony essence of those films, so does the funny/sad appeal for acceptance in "Puttin' On The Ritz" express the characters' interior feelings in *Young Frankenstein*.

So Much For Valentines

Just as fifty years ago the comedy of Keaton and Chaplin, so different in style, complemented each other to hallmark "The Golden Age Of Comedy", so to a lesser degree do the differing styles of Allen and Brooks blend to comprise the world of film comedy in 1975. If both were to die today, each will have created one film by which he would be remembered for years to come — Allen for the biting absurdity of *Bananas*, Brooks for the warm hilarity of *Young Frankenstein*.

And while their talent may not reach the dizzying pinnacles of Keaton and Chaplin, it has shown itself to be broad enough, yet deep enough, to have touched us at least once and made us glad they have passed our way.

Tom O'Brien, '74

Ed. note: Tom O'Brien wrote film reviews for the *Crusader*, coordinated most of the film programs on campus, and also found time to chair the Cross and Scroll Society in his HC student days. He is currently working on his master's thesis in film at Columbia University.

'Sherlock Holmes' a polished production

Sherlock Holmes by Arthur Conan Doyle and William Gillette. Starring John Wood and Philip Locke. Music by Michael Lankester. Lighting by Neil Peter Jampolis. Scenery and costumes by Carl Toms. Directed by Frank Dunlop.

The nation may have been plunged into economic gloom, but Broadway marquees are burning brighter than ever. New York is enjoying its healthiest season in years, with 23 current shows doing relatively brisk business and enough anticipated openings to occupy 12 of Broadway's remaining 18 houses. No one is completely equipped to explain the phenomenon. The most likely explanation is that it is less expensive for many New Yorkers to stay in town than to travel, and cheaper for travellers to visit New York than someplace more exotic.

One of the biggest hits with both tourists and natives is the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of *Sherlock Holmes*. The play is one of several British imports that have given the season a considerable boost, the others including the Long Wharf production of *The National Health*, *Equus*, *In Praise of Love*, *London Assurance*, *Private Lives*, and the London production of *Gypsy*. *Sherlock Holmes* has been the most consistently popular of them all (with the possible exception of *Equus*) and quite understandably. The play is innocuous entertainment and slickly, calculatedly commercial.

Sherlock Holmes is an authentic, old-fashioned melodrama. It was written at the turn of the century by William Gillette, a popular American actor who fashioned the Arthur Conan Doyle story into a tremendously successful vehicle for himself. The current production is staged with great respect and affection for the play's melodramatic trapping, a smart move considering the nature of the audience's expectations.

London fog

Director Frank Dunlop has the easy job of delivering "fun," to an audience that is thoroughly primed to accept it. The best example of the audience's almost compulsive willingness to have a good time is the wild applause that invariably greets the simulated London fog which opens certain scenes in the production. The fog is a clever dramatic device and certainly successful in establishing an appropriately murky tone, but the audience's marvelling attitude seems a bit excessive.

However, Dunlop hasn't pandered to his

audience. Strict adherence to the conventions of the genre is an interesting, almost daring, choice for him to have made. The opportunity for obvious parody is enormous, but Dunlop usually resists bids for easy laughs. Such resistance is not without its unfortunate consequences, however. *Sherlock Holmes* is a decidedly slight play. The first act is very slow in getting off the ground, and because the actors are forced to play the material more or less straight, their posturings are at times merely enervating. The play is more successful in the second act, when the actors straight-faced histrionics coincide with more action on a narrative level. Dunlop was wise in sustaining his respectful attitude toward his material throughout the play for the sake of artistic consistency, but the result is a weak first act.

To enjoy the production completely, one must espouse the sentiments expressed in the program notes: "They still live for all that love them well: in a romantic chamber of the heart: in a nostalgic country of the mind where it is always 1895." It sounds easy enough to share such nostalgic affection, and it clearly amounts to a matter of taste, but some may find the evening somewhat less satisfying (that is, less "fun") than they had expected.

Fine performances

On the positive side, there are some predictably fine performances. John Wood is obviously comfortable in the title role. He emphasizes the character's unflappable, clocklike precision, with the result that he sometimes seems to be walking through the part, allowing his carefully contrived bits to work by themselves. All this is undoubtedly part of his acting strategy, however. The coldly mechanical aspects of his performance greatly enhance the effect of the warmth that is allowed to emerge in the second act when Holmes acts uncharacteristically human.

Philip Locke is inspired as Holmes' archfoe Moriarty. He is marvelously, crazily evil and surprisingly effective in articulating the terms of Moriarty's obsessive nature without resorting to any kind of overstatement. The rest of the large cast is uniformly very good, with no clear standouts.

The sets and costumes in the show are meticulous and beautiful. It should perhaps be noted that the audience applauds each set change, even those not accompanied by fog, but those that are so accompanied are clearly the favorites. The lighting and musical accompaniment is perfect, contributing immeasurably to the proceedings' pervasive air of mystery.

A commendable aspect of *Sherlock Holmes'* production policy which may be of interest to students planning to visit New York is the selling of standing room tickets at \$3.50 well in advance of curtain time on the day of a performance. It is the only way of beating the show's regular ticket prices, which are formidable. And for a handsome, polished production of a play that seems to be a lot of fun for a lot of people, the price is definitely right.

John Kelley '74

Ed. note: John Kelley, a native of Cranston, R.I., took a year off before entering Columbia for graduate work in film and theatre criticism. While a student at Holy Cross, Kelley wrote theatre reviews for the *Crusader*.

Old editorials

(continued from page 8)

ing the *in loco parentis* concept by which students had to "sign out" if they were leaving campus, noting destination and time of return. Considered in this light, the editorial is an admirable crack at an outside world very different from the Hill.

Rumblings are also beginning to form in the corridors of Mahogany Row. There were calendar problems even then, as the following editorial attests:

"The backstage razzle-dazzle that eliminated two days from the Easter Vacation (or four if you count the lost weekend) has left a good many students and faculty members more than a little disgruntled. The Administration line of "What schedule change?" is not only annoying, it's downright ridiculous. No one, but no one expected to have classes on the Monday and Tuesday after Palm Sunday. There seems to be every justification for the Congress' (IHC) move to get a better explanation of this latest Mahogany finesse."

At least it was a start — the now notorious *Crusader* "cynicism" has its roots in a Palm Sunday controversy.

The evolution of *Crusader* editorial policy, from isolationism, fascism, cautious liberalism and, finally, to an expression of the "New Catholic Left" (no, that's not BC) just goes to show that the student newspaper follows whichever way the winds are blowing, accurately reflecting its contributors and readers. Perhaps that is what the paper of a small, high-quality, Catholic liberal arts college is supposed to do. And yet ...

Top ten Crusaders rank with athletic greats

Crusader SPORTS

by Joe Fischer '76

Despite its traditional male enrollment of only 1800, Holy Cross has maintained a standard of athletic excellence that rivals that of the country's larger universities.

During the last 50 years, a disproportionate number of sports titans have strolled under the hallowed spires of Fenwick. To compile a list of 100 sports figures who have best represented their Alma Mater in intercollegiate competition would be rather difficult. But the idea of choosing the ten greatest athletes of this Golden Age of Holy Cross Sports borders on the absurd.

How do you begin to compare athletes of different sports? of different sizes? of different eras? Indeed the ultimate selections rest on the arbitrary judgment of a college junior who has been monitoring the progress of HC sports for merely three of those 50 years. Since when does inexperience qualify a person to judge the relative merits of Osmanski, Kaftan, Cousy, and Provost?

Perhaps it is presumptuous of me to dictate my views to a community of faculty and alumni that has a longer association with Holy Cross athletics than I. So, to aid in this decision, I tapped the overflowing memory of HC's foremost sports historian, Fr. Raymond F.X. Cahill, S.J. Out gushed names, dates, facts, figures, and other assorted trivia that have offered invaluable assistance in the final selections.

Even though I feel I have compiled a respectable list, I can still be swayed by public opinion. I welcome any interested student, alumnus, or faculty member to send comments, criticisms, and top

ten selections to *The Crusader*. The results will be published in a later issue. But, in my opinion, here are the finest ten athletes ever seen atop Pakachoag Hill, during the last 50 years, presented in chronological order.

1.) Owen Carroll '25 (baseball)-Knickerbocker "The Ace," "Orful Ownle," "The King of College Twirlers." Owen Carroll concluded his brilliant pitching career at the Cross with a 53-2 record that included 15 shutouts. His unblemished senior mark led the Holy Cross Chiefs to the 1925 Intercollegiate Baseball Championship. The May 30, 1925, edition of the *Tomahawk* paid Carroll a tribute that hardly requires embellishing a half-century later.

"Owen's fame is widespread. His unparalleled achievements bespeak his ability, but they do not tell his graciousness, his manly conduct, his model sportsmanship. . . The greatest pitcher in a long line of immortals, the finest athlete that ever wore the Purple-(team) Capt. Owen Carroll, '25."

2.) Ed Moriarity '35 (baseball)-Captain of one of Jack Barry's greatest squads, Moriarity, a second baseman, was one of those rare power-hitting infielders. Although no statistics are available, Moriarity's home run capabilities were legendary in his own time. On Feb. 19, 1935, sports editor Bob Courtney, '35, wrote, "Moriarity hails from Holyoke, where he established an enviable record as a long distance clouter even before entering the halls of Holy Cross. . . Probably his most noteworthy feat was the prodigious home run he hit off 'Lefty' Grove in the game with the Red Sox last year. This clout, the longest ever recorded at Fitton Field, sailed out onto the football field

and rolled to the fifty-yard line. . . This feat put Ed squarely before the eyes of baseball fans throughout the nation, as the event was much publicized, and rumor has it that several major league teams are after him."

As it turned out, Moriarity was signed by the Boston Braves after graduation. He socked a home run in his first major league game, but quit professional baseball a few days later because he harbored a disdain for the materialism of professional athletics. He returned to his home town of Holyoke and became a noted schoolteacher.

3.) William Osmanski '39 (football)-No Holy Cross grid star has ever attained the national notoriety of "Bullet Bill." According to a description in Nov. 22, 1938, *Tomahawk*, the 5-11, 185 lb. Osmanski, "leaves his mark like a sprinter, picks his holes unerringly, and has the split-second acceleration needed to capitalize on the breakthrough."

Although Osmanski's greatest fame was achieved during his illustrious career with George Halas' Chicago Bears, his exploits on the Hill were no less memorable. Jack Kelley, '39, in his 'Purple Penning' wrote, "It's been a brilliant career Bill. Your period of performance will be traditional, something remarkable in Purple history."

4.) Robert Cousy '50 (basketball)-Following his outstanding career at the Cross, the Cooz, like Osmanski, excelled in the professional ranks and eventually entered the Hall of Fame of his sport. As a Crusader, Cousy finished first in career scoring (a record later broken), made every All-American team, and was named College Player of the Year in 1950.

In the March 16, 1950 edition of *The Tomahawk*, an aspiring sports reporter named Dave Anderson asked, "There may be higher scorers with deadlier eyes, like Paul Arizin of Villanova or Sherman White of LIU, and there may be better rebounders, like Charlie Cooper of Duquesne or Clyde Lovellette of Kansas, but is there a better offensive combination of scorer and passer than Bob Cousy?"

5.) Ronald Perry '54 (baseball-basketball)-Perhaps HC's most versatile athlete, Perry sparked Holy Cross' NIT champions in 1954 and as a sophomore he hurled the Crusaders toward the 1952 NCAA baseball crown. He compiled a 23-2 pitching record in three varsity seasons and ranks 15th on the all-time scoring list, despite his passing obligations to Palazzi and Heinsohn. *The Tomahawk* describes Perry as "the bellwether of the mound department and will have his choice of either professional baseball or basketball at the end of the year."

6.) Togo Palazzi '54 (basketball)-"Lets go Togo!" was the most familiar cry of those rabid 'Saders of the early fifties. Palazzi responded with a brilliant career, averaging 20.4 points per game, setting a new rebounding standard and winning the MVP title of the 1954 NIT. The city of Worcester honored Togo with a mammoth testimonial dinner that included a guest list of Bob Cousy, Dom DiMaggio, and Rocky Marciano.

7.) Thomas Heinsohn '56 (basketball)-The 6-7 Purple center eclipsed Cousy's all-time scoring mark as well as Palazzi's rebounding record. In 1956, the Associated Press named two pivotmen to its first-string All-American squad—HC's Heinsohn and San Francisco's Bill Russell.

During his senior year, Heinsohn experienced one of the most prolific seasons in the annals of Holy Cross basketball, scoring 27.4 points per game, while scraping the backboards 21 times a contest.

8.) John Foley '62 (basketball)-The Shot holds nearly every Holy Cross scoring record and is the only Crusader to reach the 2000-point plateau. In a game against UConn on Feb. 17, 1962, Jack poured in 39 points in one half, to finish with 56 for the evening's labors. As the March 15, 1962 *Crusader* reports, "Jackie Foley will take his place in three-year scoring beside such notables as Baylor, Robertson, Selvy, and West with his 2,000 plus ledger. He is only the sixth man in hardwood history to achieve this accumulation."

9.) Arthur DuLong '70 (track)-DuLong is the only minor sports star to crack this top ten list. Art is the greatest long distance runner ever to jog up Mt. St. James. He holds school records in the mile, 2-mile, 3-mile, 6-mile, and the steeplechase. Furthermore, in 1970, DuLong captured the National AAU crown in the 3-mile run with a time of 13:19.6. Also, his 4:01.1 mile is a barrier that is unlikely to be cracked by Purple tracksters for many years to come.

10.) John Provost '75 (football)-Provost is the only first-team All-American that the Holy Cross football program has ever produced in its 79 years of experience. With 28 interceptions, John ranks second on the NCAA list, while establishing a new interception return yardage record. Provost was undoubtedly the most prolific defensive player in collegiate history.

These are my top ten Holy Cross athletes. If anyone disagrees, let *The Crusader* know immediately, or for the next fifty years, hold your peace.

Anderson remembers beer, the Cooz



Dave Anderson: portrait of a sports editor who made good.

In my years at Holy Cross, beer was banned on campus. Banned with the threat of expulsion. Nobody challenged the rule. They might wobble up from Worcester but nobody was brazen enough to bring any beer into the dorms unless it was already in their digestive tract. At least nobody I knew.

Except once.

At the time, the campus was deserted for the 1949 Christmas vacation. Trained as we were in Jesuit logic, the premise was obvious. Since the campus wasn't really in operation, the campus rules weren't, either. Especially when a celebration was justified. Earlier that evening the basketball team, featuring Bob Cousy, had remained unbeaten with a 57-53 victory at the Boston Garden over Kansas, one of the nation's strongest squads. The team would go on to win 26 consecutive games and rank No. 1 in the AP poll for several weeks. But that night when the team returned to the empty, snow-covered campus, the players knew there wouldn't be another game for a week. As the sports editor of *The Tomahawk*, I covered the Kansas game along with our photographer, Jim Kehoe, and now we were back in Beaven Hall in the early hours of the morning.

In the team's moment of celebration, a case of canned beer materialized. Maybe two cases. Maybe even three.

Vaguely, there is the memory of a Jesuit peering in on the party, winking and taking a can for himself. But memory is hazy except for the scene that will never blur. Stretched out on an upper bunk, Bob Cousy looked around to deposit his empty beer can. But there was no receptacle in view. With his flair for the unexpected, he noticed that the window was open about eight inches from the top. Stretched out on the bunk at the far end of

the room, he casually tossed his empty beer can through the narrow opening into the snow below.

"Hey, Cooz," somebody said, "throw mine."

Other cans quickly were emptied so that Bob Cousy might throw them through the open window. One by one, end over end, they sailed out into the night and into the snow below, as if he were practicing foul shots.

If you thought Bob Cousy could shoot a basketball, you should have seen him shoot an empty beer can.

Many years later, when he retired from the Boston Celtics, I described that scene in an article for "The Saturday Evening Post," assuming that he would be amused by the recollection. But he was annoyed.

"That couldn't have happened," he said. "Beer wasn't allowed on campus in the years we were there."

I reminded him that the campus had been empty. He still couldn't seem to remember, but I had. In my years, Bob Cousy was Holy Cross basketball. There were successful coaches, Alvin (Doggie) Julian and Buster Sheary and there were other memorable players—George Kaftan, Joe Mullaney, Frank Ofring, Dermie O'Connell, Bob Curran, Bob McMullan, Matt Formon, Andy Laska, Wally Baird, Jim Dilling, Bob McLarnon, Earle Markey and Jim Kielley—but Cooz was special, as the National Basketball Association would realize later.

Somewhere in "The Tomahawk" of those years, I believe I was the first to refer to him as Cooz, by that spelling.

My freshman year, the basketball team was the defending NCAA champion. But practices were held in a narrow gym that was actually a renovated barn behind the chapel. The width of the barn was the width of the court. When the team was practicing against a zone defense, Cooz would lean on the side of the wall until Mullaney whipped a pass to him. In one motion, Cooz would take the ball, arch a one-hander into the basket and lean back against the wall. Next.

There was another memorable student in Holy Cross basketball. His name was Bill (Rocks) Gallagher and he sat on the end of the team bench at every game. But he wasn't a player. Bill (Rocks) Gallagher was blind. Girls from downtown would come up to read his philosophy books to him. He often strolled the campus alone. He had all the stairs and sidewalks measured in his mind. At games, a player would describe to him what was happening.

At a banquet in Kimball Hall once, he was speaking when he noticed the blur of a flashbulb.

"Cut that out," he told the photographer with a smile. "What are you trying to do, blind me?"

Another time, in a Boston restaurant, he was sitting with Joe Mullaney when the proprietor

blinked the lights to indicate closing time.

"They're putting the lights out on us, Rocks," said Mullaney.

"If you can't find the door," Rocks said, "just let me know."

Joe Mullaney laughed as Bill (Rocks) Gallagher finished his beer. Off-campus, of course.

— by Dave Anderson, '51

Ed. note — Dave Anderson, a former sports editor of the *Crusader* is now a sports columnist for the *New York Times*.

Athletics at Holy Cross overcome past setbacks

by Art Davidson, '76

For the first time in recent years, the Holy Cross athletic program's outlook is based on valid evidence rather than cautious optimism. There are still snags, but the usual questions which have surrounded the Crusaders' sports spectrum over the last five years have for the most part been answered.

In 1975, coach Ed Doherty's gridders return 18 starters from 1974's 5-5-1 season. The Purple will face ten of the eleven teams they battled a year ago. The only change is the replacement of Eastern power Temple with Furman. It is hoped a year's experience, blended with increased depth, will produce victories instead of the narrow losses which, we suffered this year at Harvard, Colgate and West Point.

The defense will be led by Lou Kobza, a three year starter, along with the defensive line, which will be returning for another tour of duty. One mainstay who won't be around, unfortunately, is All-American John Provost.

On offense, the Bob Morton to Dave Quehl combination, which shattered the New England pass receiving records, will be intact for another year.

Sometime next winter the Rev. Francis Hart Recreational Center will open its doors. The Center will be the home of the Crusader basketball team, the squad which surprised all the so-called experts in 74-75. A nucleus which will consist of Chris Potter, Mike Vicens, Marty Halsey, Kevin McAuley, Jimmy Dee etc. should make Mt. St. James a most undesirable place to play for op-

ponents over the next few years.

George Blaney should not have a difficult time selling the merits of Holy Cross to prospective Cousys and Heinsohns.

The other occupant of the Hart Center will be the Holy Cross hockey team. No longer having to roam all over Worcester at all hours of the night to find ice time, the Purple pucksters should emerge as a team to be reckoned with in the very near future.

On other fronts hopes are also high. The baseball team has a legitimate shot at a playoff berth and the track team has come up with some of the better performances in New England recently.

Also, a woman's athletic program has been instituted under the direction of Diane Sepavich and Ron Perry. This year, varsity teams playing a full intercollegiate schedule were with a varied intramural program.

However, the question arises, with only 1500 male students next year, whether Holy Cross will be able to support fifteen varsity sports at their present level. Mr. Perry sees some of the teams operating on a club level while others will have their schedules adjusted to make them more competitive.

The rebirth of athletics at Holy Cross is a positive thing. The spirit generated by this year's basketball team has not been seen on Pakachoag Hill in some years. Nobody wishes to see HC lower its high academic standards or turn into a jock factory, but the new found success of Holy Cross sports is something all her sons and daughters can be proud of.

Booth recalls "Doc" Anderson and the fifties

by Clark Booth, '61

They were hounded by the Dean of Discipline's 'dawn patrol' and subject to expulsion for excessive mass cuts. . . just like everyone else. They were not the pampered elite found at Columbus or South Bend.

But the Holy Cross athletes of the late fifties were special, if not quite regal.

There was a certain Vinnie Promuto who stalked the campus then. He was wide and bronzed and street wise and faintly sinister. He was a greatly gifted lineman who went on to play with the Redskins twelve years. He later became a lawyer; a protégé of Edward Bennett Williams both on and off the field.

But, in 1957, Vinnie Promuto was simply irrefutable evidence that Holy Cross was still in the business of winning football games and courting bowl bids. At the time, this goal was not incompatible with genuine academic aims.

Promuto and his pals were bound to the genius of Dr. Eddie Anderson. It was not easy being the props and the playthings of a legend.

The Doc was an intrigue. He was aloof, even Olympian. He was also impatient and occasionally capricious. He was a master of the game and yet, somehow, too good for it.

Doc Anderson was a part time coach. He devoted half his day to football and the other half

home. The sacking of the Syracuse campus that weekend led to the purging of some of the best blood in the class of '61. But to maniacs too long contained by 10:30 curfews and mandatory Mass attendance, it was worth it.

After losing to Harvard and somebody else, possibly Colgate, Holy Cross was rated 98th nationally. In came Syracuse, led by Ernie Davis. . . undefeated in recent memory and ranked number one in the country. Merciful Ben Schwatzwalder's mercenaries were posted a thirty point favorite.

Too often, the great conquests came after battered retreats from the football field. In 1959, Penn State co-eds were made to pay for the indignities their football pals had handed out. That, too, was a Rabelasian trip home. A similar rampage at Dartmouth that same year briefly endangered the alliance with the Ivy League, which was just emerging. Holy Cross went undefeated in post game battles for four years.

But there was one last moment that was, in many ways, the best. It came in 1960.

They were some collection. They called their line 'Gerlick's Gorillas.' None of them had more than a half a mouth of teeth. At noon time, they sat in the cafeteria in their under-shirts. Rowdy undergrads scaled slices of bread at them, and ran. It was the holiest and most impassioned football game of the four years.

Led by a non-scholarship quarterback named Bill Joern, Holy Cross was ahead at halftime. John Allen outran the great Ernie Davis. On defense, Allen became the first collegian to catch Davis in the open field. Lineman named Jim Rhodes, Jerry Wheeler and Jack Fellin consumed all-American hopefuls Fred Mautino, Jon Baker and Al Gerlick. Davis pulled it out for them in the last few minutes, 16 to 7. But it didn't matter. Syracuse was no longer number one.

Holy Cross won six of its last seven games, losing only to Penn State. Sophomores Al Snyder, Tommy Hennessey, Pat McCarthy and Denny Golden led them over Boston College, giving Holy Cross a two-two split with B.C. between 1957 and 1960.

Strangely, BC games of this period do not stand out, possibly because they were all played in atrocious weather. However, related activities are memorable. One of them produced an historic traffic jam on the new Mass Turnpike. Another prompted the most outrageous torch-light parade to Worcester Center of that era.

A third BC game was upstaged by an enterprising Holy Cross crazy. On the eve of the game, he created a scandal in Jesuit circles by painting BC's monstrous campus golden eagle purple. He would never have been caught, had he not fallen from the top of the eagle and broken his leg.

The win over BC in '60 prompted the last bowl bid ever extended to a Holy Cross football



This Crusader billboard went up in Cleveland Circle sometime before the 1959 BC game — unfortunately, we lost in a 14-0 shutout.

team. The Gotham Bowl was held for the first and last time that year at the old Polo Grounds in New York, and the sponsors were looking for a pigeon to entertain Lee Grosscup's Brigham Young team. They envisioned a holy war. . . the Jesuits and the Mormons.

We may have been debauched. But we were proud. We snottily rejected the bid.

Basketball times were mostly spotty until the '60-'61 season. For three years, memories of the Kaftan-Cousy-Perry-Palazzi-Heinsohn epochs sustained the program. Then, along came Jack 'The Shot' Foley.

Gangling and almost emaciated, he was the most bizarre and most devastating gunner of his days, and possibly any day. The Shot was the purest of the pure shooters.

There was a night at the Auditorium against tough Niagra. They had a fine player named Al Butler, who later played for the Knicks, and another kid named Glenn, who was good. The two of them battered Foley all night, raising welts on his gaunt ribcage. But in one playing span of about eight minutes he threw in twelve consecutive jumpers from twenty or more feet out. It was Homeric.

They should have won the N.I.T. at Madison Square Garden in 1961. They had Foley playing his unique, if highly individual, role. In George Blaney and Timmie Shea, they had the brainiest and most disciplined pair of guards in the country. They were good shooters, marvelous craftsmen and endlessly smart. Up front two tough, uncomplaining pre-med students, John Connors and Spence Thompson, did all the dirty work that was

beyond the stamina of Foley.

They defeated Memphis State and then they stunned the University of Detroit, led by Dave Debusschere. Unfortunately Dave was saddled with a couple of bagmen at the forwards who were later arrested for playing with point spreads. But that game was never in dispute. It was the brilliance of Blaney and Shea that won it. Then came Providence.

The school hired busses that delivered ninety percent of the student body to the old Madison Square Garden two hours before the game. The most spirited of the scholars spent the two hours downing boilermakers in Jimmie Walker's bar. They were devastated by game time.

With a couple of seconds left, Holy Cross led by two when Vinnie Ernst, Providence's irascible five foot, six inch guard stepped to the foul line.

The remnants of the senior class that were still standing were strung along the side of the court throwing beer cups at poor Ernst. A couple of them were hanging from the guide wires that supported the backboard.

With the backboard trembling like a trampoline, Ernst sank both foul shots. Providence won going away in overtime and went on to win the title.

We hit the street in the foulest of fetters and charged Jimmie Walker's. But the man who had beaten Harry Greb and Tiger Flowers. . . New York city's foremost symbol of a fighting sporting spirit, barricaded his doors.

They say it's the only time Jimmie Walker's joint ever closed early.

Perry returns to college athletics, this time to rebuild sagging program

by Dan Shaughnessy, '75

Ron Perry took over as Holy Cross Athletic Director during the summer of 1972. Already he was well known as the 1954 graduate of Holy Cross who was one of the few collegians ever to participate on a championship team in two sports; baseball and basketball.

How ironic it was, then, that as Mr. Perry was grasping the reigns of the HC athletic program, the two sports he starred in were at an all-time low at HC.

Basketball suffered through nightmare seasons of 9-17 and 8-18. Baseball ranged from total ineptitude to complacent mediocrity during the same period.

The Crusader grid picture was a little better. Ed Doherty had one year under his belt, and in that year the Purple czar had lifted the pigskin program out of oblivion.

Still, the athletic program on Pakachoag Hill was at its lowest ebb when Mr. Perry came back to save his alma mater.

"When I came back in '72, it wasn't the same Holy Cross I had known as a student," said Mr. Perry. "The thing that worried me most was the negative attitude that everyone had towards the athletic program."

Looking Up

"Accordingly," says Perry, "I was always very optimistic about everything at first. We had to change the attitude right away."

Perry's first move was to pull Holy Cross out of the Yankee Conference. The motion shocked many, since the Cross had only been in the league for a few years and not long enough to play a full YC schedule.

But the withdrawal paid off in every possible way. Because of co-education, Holy Cross had a dwindling number of male students, and the numbers game is all-important when competing with schools in non-scholarship sports. For instance HC soccer and hockey teams could not possibly aspire to compete with their counterparts at Boston University or UMass.

Conversely, Holy Cross sought to compete at a level above the Yankee Conference in football and basketball. In both sports this, too, has paid off. The hoop team waits for a tournament bid and the footballers draw well, while competing against more attractive opponents than Vermont, Maine and URI.

At Long Last

Perry's other coup came last spring when the Trustees finally agreed to an all-purpose recreational facility. After 40 years of debate, the building should be operating by the middle of next fall. Perry credits the HC women for this great addition to the athletic facilities. "When the women came to Holy Cross, it became painfully apparent just how antiquated our present facilities were. It was just the incentive we needed to push the project across."

"Meanwhile," he continued, "the whole at-

titude at the school has changed. It took a couple of years, but our coaches were patient; we went out and got some of the best student-athletes around. Now, by producing a better product, we're instilling a positive outlook."

Indeed things are paying off these days. . . We're all aware of the basketball boom. . . Doherty and his grid men went .500 with only four seniors this year and the fall baseball team spotted a 9-2 record last autumn. The fencing, hockey, and track teams are over .500, and the cross-country and women's tennis teams both had winning slates in the fall. This is quite a turnaround from last year's transitional pains which produced only two winning teams all year.

Worst Is Over

Says Perry, "The worst era in Holy Cross athletics is behind us now. Things are much better, and we want to be the best we possibly can from now on. This school has so much to offer to kids, and athletics will always be an important part of their education."

For Holy Cross seniors, the last four years have not been easy ones to swallow as far as athletic teams and facilities are concerned. And now that the worst is over, and the situations has, or is about to improve in every aspect, the seniors must leave. The much-trodden group that constitutes the class of '75 may turn out to be the best or the worst of alumni supporters in future years. But they'll all be able to say, "I was there when sports began all over again at Holy Cross."



Now a familiar sight, this Crusader emerged for the first time in years at the Parents' Weekend game in 1960.

to serious medical missions. He was a brilliant renaissance spirit who lent prestige to the school and confusion to the football program.

As a 160 pound end for Knute Rockne at Notre Dame, Doc was the captain of the team that featured George Gipp. The mystique of Rock and Gipper was a part of Doc's coaching persuasions. And so was the example of Paddy Driscoll, of whom he too often said: "He had a blowtorch for a heart."

If Doc ever encountered any such divinely inspired studs at Holy Cross in the late fifties, he kept it to himself. He did have one at the University of Iowa named Niles Kinnick, a Heisman trophy winner who died a hero's death in World War II. Niles was someone that a bumbling back could be compared to in stinging rebukes that pierced the chill November drills on top of the hill. It was tough measuring up to ghosts.

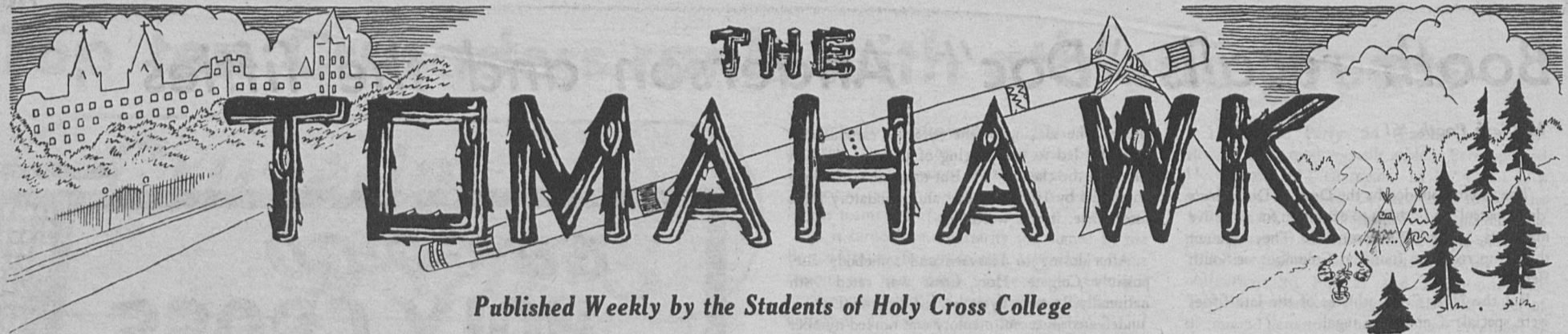
There was lots of evidence that the past was too much with the Doc. But Holy Cross football and Dr. Eddie Anderson are one and the same. It is strange but quaint fact. It is historically fixed and beyond lament.

Doc had a doghouse team that he called the marauders. Sometimes it was more skilled than the varsity, and stories of marauder running backs destroying varsity lines on the eve of big games still entertain crusty grads who are given to drink.

Maybe all of the talent never quite arrived in the good graces of a given moment. But enough of it was arranged enough of the time to pull out winning seasons. Syracuse, a perennial candidate for the national championship, lost only three games between 1957 and 1960. Two of the losses were to Holy Cross.

These were among the last Holy Cross teams to command instant respect in the Philistine football dens of Penn State, Pittsburg, Syracuse, Miami and Boston College. Up front they had Promuto, Healy, Bavaro, Moore, Peattie, Benoit, Stechi, Berardino and Pacunas with Jayes, Hohl, Toland, Defino, Skinner and Allen for backs. And at quarterback, they had the very bright, skilled and daring Tommy Greene. Tommy was the hero of both wins over Syracuse. In '58, with time almost gone, he sprinted for a two point conversion that won the game by a point.

Delirious Holy Cross undergrads promptly pillaged the Syracuse campus with a spirit not seen in those parts since the French and Indian War. The sturdiest of them got arrested for "mooning" state police on the New York Turnpike on the way



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WORCESTER, MASS., FEBRUARY 17, 1925.

Price 10 cents

PURPLE THESPIANS TO PRESENT SHAKESPEARE'S "RICHARD III"

Performances Will Be Rendered Thursday and Friday Evenings By Experienced Dramatists At Worcester Theatre

"Richard III" will be presented by the Dramatic Society at the Worcester Theatre on Feb. 19 and 20. Preparations which have covered the past two months, are now completed and a splendid production is sure to follow. With the success of the previous Shakespearean plays of the Dramatic Society in view, the present production has a high standard to uphold; but that they will attain to that lofty height requires no telling; how far they will surpass it, remains to be observed.

In the cast of characters are names that are familiar and others that are destined to be known in the future.

Walter L. Dempsey, '25, of New Rochelle, N. Y., as Richard Duke of Gloucester, is remembered by all who witnessed the plays of the past three years. Mr. Dempsey has enacted the part of the queen in "Hamlet" and of Lady Macbeth in "Macbeth." Playing the part of Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice," he proved himself a star of the first magnitude. His performance in that part may only be eclipsed by his portrayal of the character of Richard. While attending Regis High in New York, Mr. Dempsey began his dramatic career in the field of Shakespearean plays in the productions of that school. As this will be his last performance for the Dramatic Society he will be at his best.

Supporting Mr. Dempsey in the part of the Duke of Buckingham is

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LIBRARY GETS LARGE GIFT

B'Nai Brith Donates Hebrew Volumes to College

On Tuesday, Feb. 10, Father Dinand received from the Worcester Lodge of the Independent Order of B'Nai Brith a gift of fifty books dealing with Jewish life and literature. The books were accepted at a reception held at the Girls' Trade School.

The collection comprises translations of the masterpieces of Yiddish and Hebrew writers. Among which are the "Jewish Encyclopedia" by Redkinson in ten volumes, "The Babylonian Talmud." The works of the noted English author Israel Zangwill and the works of the noted Arthur Schnitzler of Austria also hold prominent places in the collection.

In his speech of presentation, B. Larz Newton of the B'Nai Brith said that the purpose of his order in donating the collection was to give the students of Holy Cross an opportunity of gaining a thorough insight into the emotional and religious life of "the oldest race on earth." The books were selected with the greatest care so that they might familiarize the Gentile student in the lore and customs of the Jewish race in order that he may be better understand the modern Jew with whom he associates.

In his speech of acceptance, Fr. Rector thanked the B'Nai Brith in behalf of the college and commented on the comprehension of the donation.

The committee in charge of arrangements were B. Lars Newton, chairman, Wilfred B. Feiga and Jacob Asher, who cordially invited all Holy Cross men to attend the reception.

RELAY TEAM IN WIN OVER YALE

While the quartet was racing to a sensational victory over the representatives of Yale and Penn and Leo Larivee was forcing Lloyd Hahn to smash Nurmi's world's mark over the mile route last Saturday at the N. Y. A. C. games in New York, the basketball team suffered its third reverse of the season at the hands of Tufts. The score of the game which was played at Medford was 30-18.

In the Baxter Mile, Larivee finished but three yards in back of Hahn, the race furnished the feature performance in a program full of record slashing. Leo's time in capturing second place 4:13.9-10, which is but a fraction of a second from the record. The relay was close and unsettled until the final few yards when Mulvihill with a fine finish beat Norton of Yale to the tape.

At Tufts the sterling defense play of the Jumbos was too much for the Purple hoopsters, who could tally but seven field goals, six of which were credited to Peloquin. The Varsity led at half time 12-7, but inability to penetrate into Tufts' territory and the absence of Captain Shannon and Kittredge from the line-up due to injuries were too great handicaps for the Purple.

With Shannon's leg injury coming around, and both Kittredge and Ryan in better shape, the Purple five should give a good account of themselves on the sally into Connecticut. From latest reports they will be fairly fit for the game with our city rivals, Clark, on Wednesday evening.

Purple To Play Clark Wednesday

Wednesday evening at Commerce gymnasium the Varsity five will engage the quintet of Clark University. The fact that Clark is located in Worcester and the contest will practically decide the supremacy of the city teams, lends color to the event. This is the first engagement between the representatives of the two local schools on the indoor court. Unfortunately Clark has had a poor season and does not boast of a very strong aggregation.

But the rivalry between the institutions while dormant is yet keen and this contest is bound to bring forth the best efforts of the "Red" five, while the Purple are keen to pin a clean-cut victory on the "Main Streeters."

The games are scheduled for 8 P. M.

Weekly Calendar

TUESDAY
Tomahawk Day.

WEDNESDAY
Dress Rehearsal — Play, Fenwick Hall.
Jersey Club Meeting.
Springfield Club Meeting.
St. Anthony Track Meet at Brooklyn.
Clark Basketball Game.

THURSDAY
College Play at Worcester Theatre.
Philomathic Meeting Postponed.

FRIDAY
Junior Prom, Bancroft Hotel.
College Play, Worcester Theatre
B. J. F. Meeting Postponed.

SATURDAY
Conn. Aggies Basketball Game.
Entertainment in Auditorium.

MONDAY
American Legion Track Meet at Boston.
B. V. M. Sodality Meeting.

JUNIOR PROM FEBRUARY 20

Wittstein of New Haven to Furnish Melody

On Friday, February 20th, the Class of 1926 will hold its Junior Promenade in the Hotel Bancroft Ballroom. All arrangements have been satisfactorily completed and assure one of the greatest proms ever held in Worcester. Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald of Holyoke, the Chairman, has spared no pains to procure the best equipment possible.

"Eddie" Wittstein of New Haven, with his ten first-string men will provide the music. With the acquisition of such a famous orchestra, the success of the Prom is an absolute certainty. They have played for Proms at Vassar, Williams, Amherst, Yale, Brown, M. I. T. With this reputation, the orchestra comes to Worcester on the night of February 20th, to play from nine until two, under the personal direction of Wittstein.

The ballroom will be decorated by Jeft Company of Worcester. They have promised the Committee the best service possible and at present the plans are certainly very satisfactory. The only colors used will be purple and white. In back of the platform where the orchestra will be situated, there will hang a huge Purple banner with an emblazoned Holy Cross seal. The center lights will be trimmed with purple and white crepe paper and from one light to the other will hang purple and white garlands. More garlands will drop from each light to each pillar in the ballroom. The whole effect will be a purple-festooned garden. On each pillar the letters "HC" will appear in purple and white crepe paper. Besides all these decorations there will be special lighting effects. Two powerful spotlights with multi-colored shade slides will be in constant play throughout the Prom.

The contract for programs and favors has been given to the Beacon Engraving Co. of Boston. The favor bags will be made of girls' and boys' trunks.

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HOPES FOR COLLEGE WEEKLY NOW REALIZED AS TOMAHAWK APPEARS

New Publication Makes Debut as Vehicle for Various Student Activities and Will Serve as a Current Alumni Contact

The first issue of The Tomahawk comes out today with an appropriate fanfare. Columns of college news, sports, humor, and light literature await all comers. The newsboy voices with confidence his new treble note: "Tomahawk!" The student body in general feels an immense satisfaction at another goal attained; another niche filled in the collegiate equipment of Holy Cross.

The need for a news weekly has long been felt. The Purple, for all its manifest excellence, did not reach the many. Never before has the Holy Cross yearning for abundant light literature, written by, for, and about the student body been completely satisfied.

LAST VOWS FOR FR. DOWNEY, S.J.

Monday, Feb. 2nd, Fr. F. X. Downey, dean of studies, took his final vows for the priesthood. The ceremony took place at a low Mass celebrated by Fr. Dinand, S.J., a simple but impressive ceremony. The altar was profusely decorated with flowers. The musical program was splendidly rendered by Professor Bouvier, director of the musical clubs, the college quartet, and Mr. Diedrich, '28. Prof. Bouvier played several selections on the organ, accompanied by the violinist, Mr. Diedrich, who rendered also the solo, "Meditation," by Mietzke. Mr. Thomas P. Laffin, '26, rendered the tenor solo, "Suscipe." The quartet composed of Messrs. T. P. Laffin, '26, E. F. Kenelly, '25, J. P. Lawler, '26, J. K. Zebaitis, '25, also gave several selections, making the whole a pleasing program for the ceremony.

After four years at Holy Cross, Fr. Downey entered St. Andrew's novitiate at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Aug. 14, 1906. Completing the usual course there, he went to Woodstock, Maryland, to take up his philosophical studies. Later he taught for two years at Loyola High School, New York City. Then followed two years of teaching at Holy Cross from 1916-1918. At this time he resumed theological studies at Woodstock. After completing this course he was prefect of studies at Regis High School, New York City. Last year he returned to St. Andrew's for his tertianship of one year. Last September he assumed the office of dean of studies here on the Hill, replacing Fr. Mullen, who had been connected with Holy Cross for sixteen years.

Carroll Makes Banquet Tour

In the past few days "Ownie" Carroll has deserted the baseball cage to follow in the footsteps of Will Rogers, as the most sought after post-prandial speaker in the country. On Wednesday, February 11th, "Ownie"—along with Capt. Mahaney, '25, journeyed to the metropolis to address the New York alumni, the following evening saw him and Hilly at the alumni gathering at Providence. Ownie has returned to the ease of college life only a few days, for tomorrow he will accompany Father Rector to the 11 Pow Wow of the Packachoag at Syracuse.

A new era begins with the entrance of a weekly, however; and the purveyors of College Humor may well weep. Here the mirror is held up to college life; here we may frisk impertinently over the passing scene, play a saxophone bravura on the foibles of the hour, and drag on to the slap-stick platform topics and incidents for the edification of many. A weekly, to make a pun, is indeed the cynic qua non of college life. Holy Cross may feel proud of this new addition to its notable institutions.

A paper of this type should also go far as a coalescing force. Holy Cross has grown beyond the stage where everyone knows all that is going on from hearsay alone. Soon, indeed, as in the larger universities, a man could go through his four years practically unknown outside his own group although a famous man in his class. To obviate such a situation, from which certainly every son of the Alma Mater would shrink in horror, the new weekly proposes to exert all its efforts.

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MOVIES APPEAR ON MT. ST. JAMES

First Showing at College Given This Month

On Monday evening, February 2, in the college auditorium, movies were introduced, through the efforts of Father Ahern, S.J.

The first showing was ushered in with the presentation of "The Dixie Handicap," a Metro-Goldwyn production of racing days in old Kentucky. It was well received and carried the interested audience along to the last flicker. On the same program, the students were treated to a Mack Sennett comedy, a genuine laugh producer. One of Aesop's Fables by Paul Terry was cleverly drawn and went over big. The manner in which the feature picture was received was an outstanding semblance of the enthusiasm of the student body.

On the following evening, not satisfied with one great presentation and that his first, Father Ahern, presented D. W. Griffith's feature, "America," which pleased the assemblage to a man and delighted with its power to visualize Revolutionary days. A Grantland Rice's Sportlight picture and a comedy made up the finely balanced program of the second showing of movies at H. C.

The two machines used are Power's Cameragraph type, the last word in moving picture machines. Each machine is equipped with special

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